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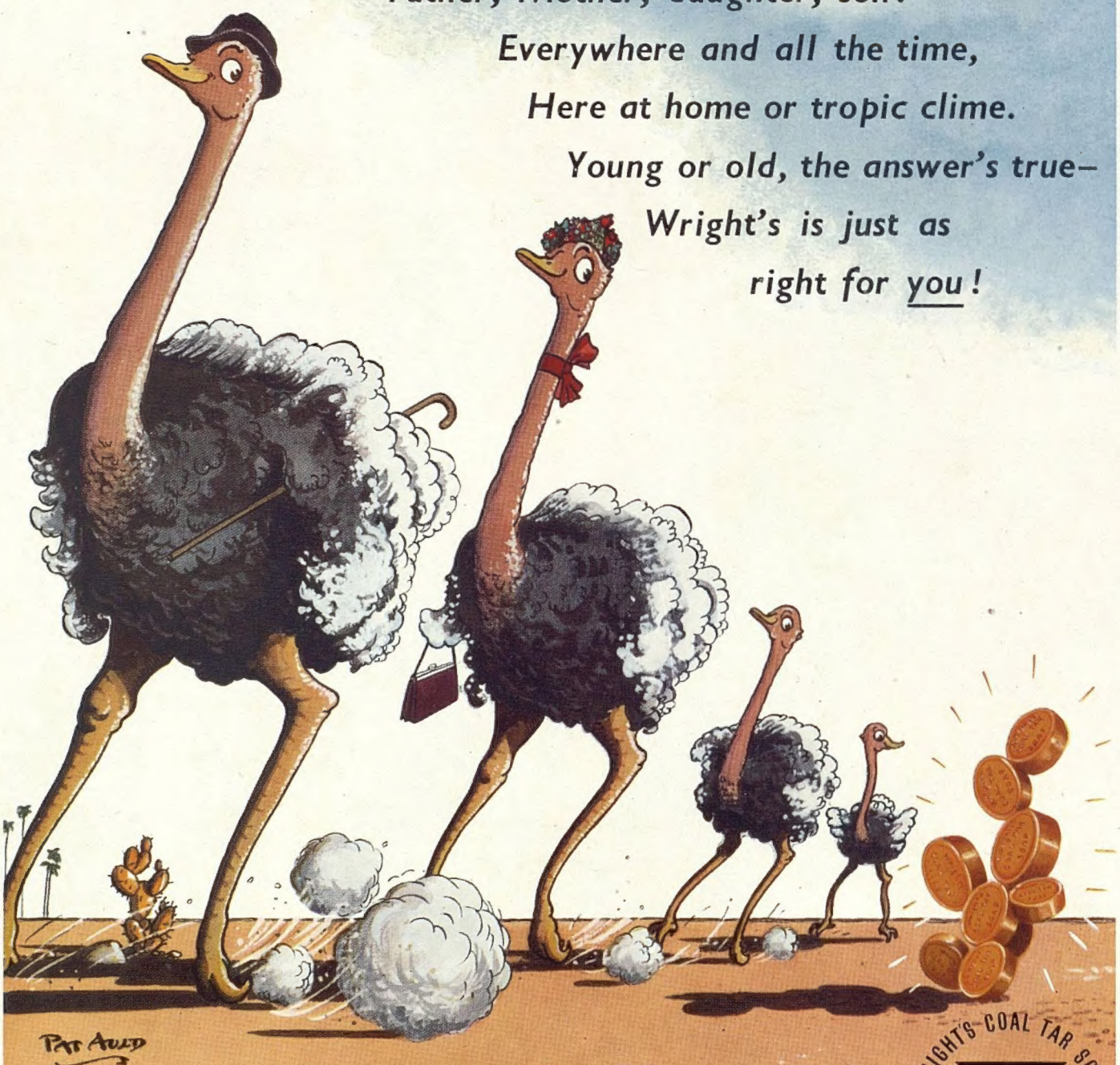

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 39 No. 4 OCTOBER, 1949

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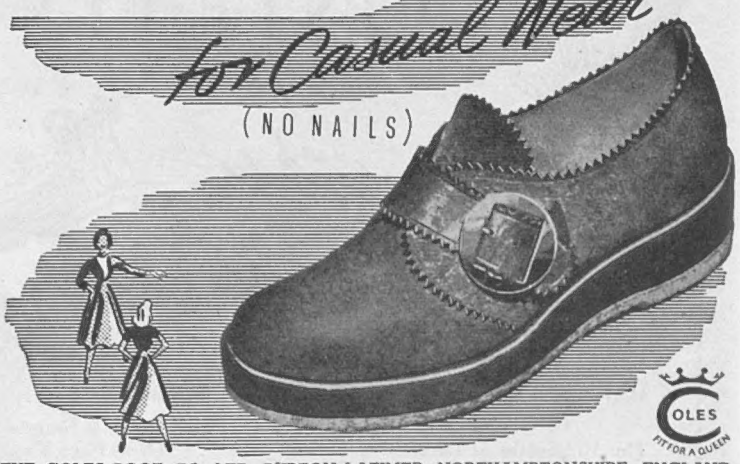

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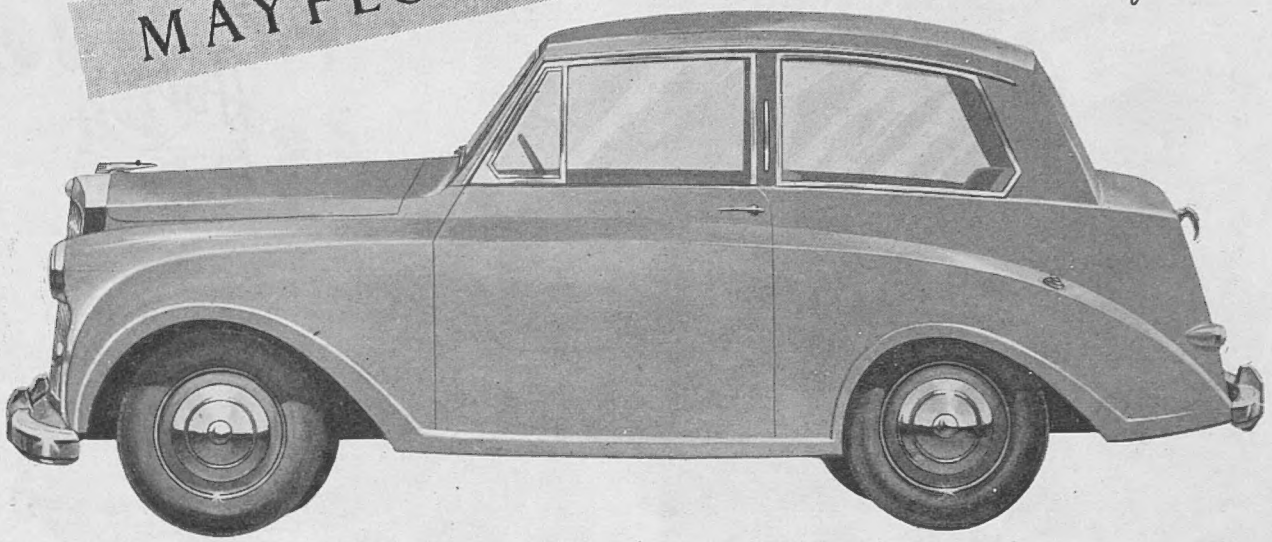

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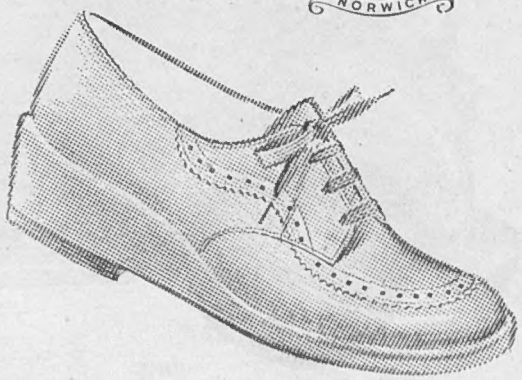

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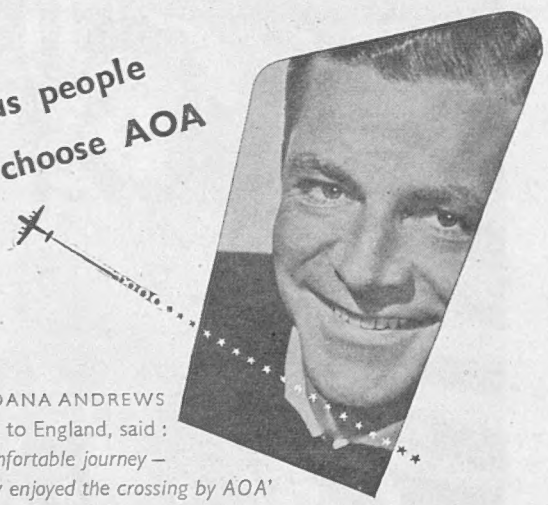

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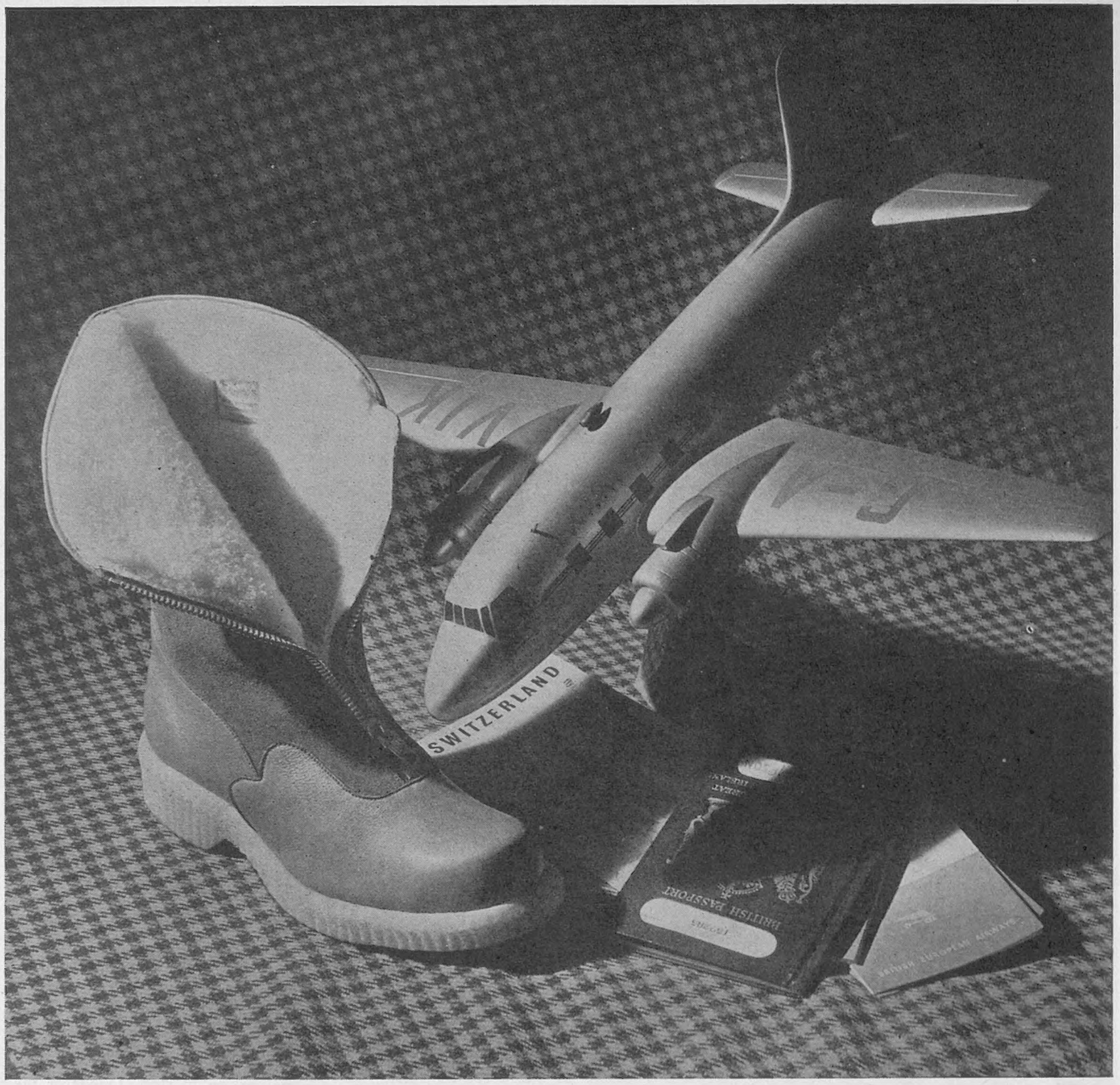

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"I realised they were there. I kept still. I didn't want to frighten them."

The Gentleman Under The Tree

A Short Story

By

Charles Lloyd-Jones

THE children came in to supper with more than a hint of news in their round eyes.

"There's a gentleman under the tree. We didn't wake him," Belinda said.

"That was polite of you," Tudor said.

"He'll be covered with caterpillars," Molly said with relish. Molly was six: her taste was gruesome and gay.

"Not so polite," Tudor said.

There were a lot of trees; but the one known as "the tree" was a solitary oak in the field behind the house. It was an improbable tree for a stranger to rest under. To get to it from the road you had to pass through the yard of Wadlow's farm, next door. There was no view from it. It was the wrong time for a man to be asleep under a tree, too: small children's supper-time in May, with a threat of late frost in the air. The description "gentleman" was queer. Belinda was eight and anything but class-conscious: if she had meant simply a man she would have said a man. Her gentleman was probably old and wearing clothes more sprucely urban than her father's corduroy trousers and pull-over.

As soon as the children had been sent to get washed, Tudor said to his sister Barbara: "Do you like the sound of the body in the back field?"

"Not much. Nor do you."

"Not a bit. I think I'll take a look."

Under the tree Tudor found him. But he was not asleep. He was a nasty colour and his breathing was stertorous. Tudor stooped to feel his fluttering pulse. At Tudor's touch he fought for control of his breathing and won. He opened his wrinkled blue eyes and gave Tudor a most charming smile. "I always was a fool," he said. "Tried to do too much. I'll be all right now."

Even in a state of collapse he looked distinguished. His thick white hair, his well-worn, well-cut Donegal homespun, his small ankles and long, supple-looking hands.

"Don't be in a hurry," Tudor said. "Don't try to get up while I go for help."

He got another smile. "I won't. But I'd take a lot of killing."

Tudor was not quite sure of that as he hurried to get a couple of men from the farm with an improvised stretcher. The old man was very shaky. Time enough to ask questions when the doctor had had a look at him. Tudor thought he knew the type: an undeserving old man, who'd been a professional charmer all his life, always doing what he shouldn't and usually getting away with it. But no one could get away with such a groggy heart for ever, and he couldn't be left to die in a field.

The children guessed that something was happening. They were at the window to see him carried into the house. He noticed them there, and with a look of true pleasure at their prettiness he waved to them.

"Yours?" he asked Tudor. "My two were like that once. Make the most of them."

"They found you," Tudor said.

"Yes, I realised they were there. I kept still. I didn't want to frighten them."

Against his sceptical judgment Tudor believed him. That meant a lot of courage. To be feeling your heart give out, to know that you might be dying alone, and not to ask for help rather than scare two little girls.

Barbara had been quick and lucky on the telephone; and they had hardly got the old man comfortable before the doctor arrived. The children came downstairs

rather awed, and whispered to Barbara as she waited outside the room for the doctor's verdict.

" Is he going to die ? " Belinda asked.

" We 'd have run for help if we 'd known. Please can he stay ? " Molly said.

They were both on his side from the moment he 'd looked up and waved to them at the window.

" He may not want to stay," Barbara said ; but in her heart she knew that he was going to. She 'd seen the way he looked round the room from his big chair, as if he had come home.

Tudor came out of the room with the doctor, and the children said together : " Can we go in ? "

Tudor looked to the doctor.

" Good gracious, yes. The old boy's got the wit to get rid of you if you 're a nuisance." He turned to Tudor as the door shut behind the children. " I wouldn't pamper him."

" No one gets pampered in this house. But what are we to do with him ? "

The doctor put the case to Barbara. " He must have a couple of days' absolute rest. I 'll fix him a bed in hospital and get an ambulance here for him in the morning if you can keep him to-night."

Through the door they could hear the children's laughter.

" If it's only for a couple of days why not keep him here ? Or ought he to have professional nursing ? "

" No. Your atmosphere would suit him better than hospital. Only, we don't know a thing about him."

" He can't be worse than your Yugo-Slav lady hiker, Tudor."

" Oh, her ! She got up in the night and finished our whisky, Doctor. But she had invited herself ; I was the mug."

The doctor knew them well enough to be frank. " I shouldn't say it, but perhaps our new acquaintance has invited himself, too."

" He 's rather a pet," Barbara said.

" There 's no fake about his heart attack," Tudor said.

" Not a bit. He nearly killed himself. But why try to get here, six miles across country at his age ? "

" What is the story ? " Barbara asked.

" He lives in London with a daughter. He doesn't like her. He didn't say so ; he 's a very courteous old boy. But it was implied. Wretched woman probably tries to make him look after himself. Lately he 's been staying at the Fairview, Carstone."

" That dump ! "

" Well, most of the people there aren't as old as he is. Good customers of mine, I admit——"

" But it 's not his type, surely."

" Obviously not. He seems to have walked out and gone on walking straight across country till he collapsed."

" He said it was silly," Tudor said. " But I suspect there was more in it than wanting a walk."

" What did you say his name is ? " Barbara asked.

" Plunket. Christmas Plunket."

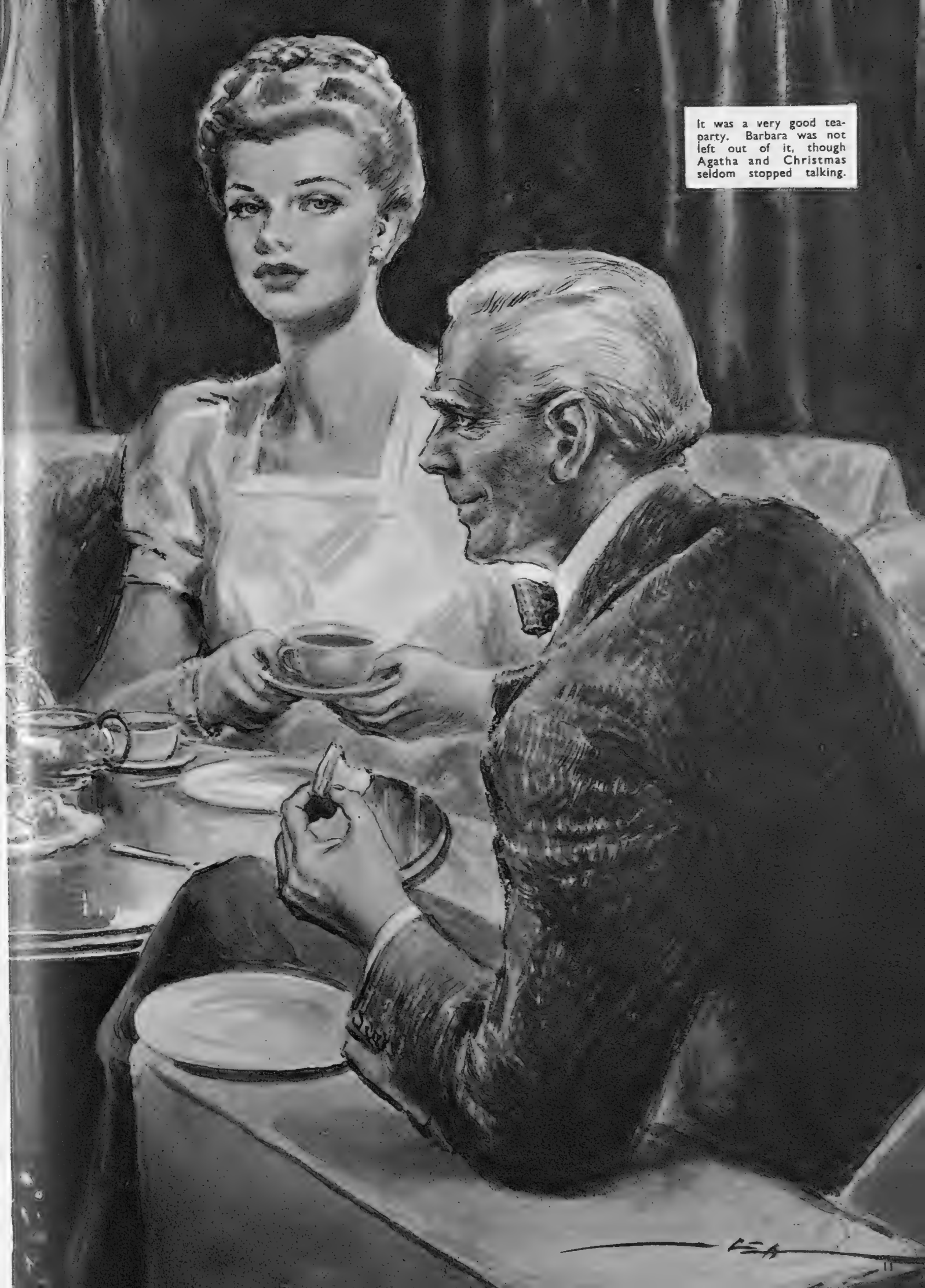
" That suggests something. But I can't get it."

The doctor had got to the front door. " I 'll look in to-morrow. If he 's a nuisance I can get him into hospital."

Brother and sister looked at each other when the doctor had gone ; but the problem was settled for them by Belinda. She came out of the room at the run. " Daddy. Auntie. He used to live here, in our house. And the stump on the lawn was a hollow apple-tree and red squirrels kept their babies in it every year."

" I 'm a fool," Barbara said. " The church is full of tablets to Plunkets."

CHRISTMAS PLUNKET explained when the children had gone to bed. " I didn't mean to mention it, but it came out about the squirrels. No, it wasn't a nice scruple about imposing on you. My dear lady, I 've been imposing on people all my life : I simply didn't want to admit to being a sentimental old fool. Because that 's what I was. There I was at Carstone, bored to death, and I started to walk. And because, I suppose, I felt


It was a very good tea-party. Barbara was not left out of it, though Agatha and Christmas seldom stopped talking.

I mightn't have another chance I found myself walking this way, towards the place where I 'd left my heart, where, if you like, I could remember that I used to be somebody. I didn't think of its being thirty years since I 'd walked here from Carstone. It used not to seem so far."

That was all they got out of him that night. Barbara would not let him talk and tire himself, and very soon had him in bed in a suit of Tudor's pyjamas.

He had made very little of his walk, pretending that it was the whim of an old man's afternoon. But looking after a widower brother and his children, Barbara knew a lot about men that they might not readily show to their wives, or to any woman they wanted to impress with their self-sufficiency. To her understanding Christmas had made a confession of very sad loneliness. To feel that he might die before another summer, and to struggle on over fences and down bramble-choked lanes to reach a place where the ghost of his life's summer was alive, because he had no place in the new world that had swept his away.

But she did not say that to Tudor. She could guess that enough sympathy to make him accept the old man had grown out of his own bereavement. In the morning he went to Carstone on some of his precious petrol to collect the clothes Christmas had left at Fairview. Christmas gave him a blank cheque for the hotel bill. " There 's a little chambermaid named Betty. All freckles and very sweet. She 'll pack my few things."

The few things were very few, and the socks and underclothes wanted mending. Tudor, usually very cautious and practical about money, looked almost amused as he told Barbara how he had collected them.

" The hotel wouldn't look at a cheque. So I had to pay cash and fill in the cheque to myself. But little Betty is in love with him. Almost young enough to be his great-granddaughter. In these austere days there 's something to be said for old reprobates who go about making freckled little maids feel like princesses and scattering blank cheques that are certain to bounce."

But the cheque did not bounce. Altogether Christmas was not playing in character. He looked a wicked old gentleman, but he wouldn't behave like one. He didn't even try to outstay his welcome. As soon as the doctor said he could go out he went out, with Barbara on his gallant arm. Barbara began by taking his arm to support him in case anything went wrong, and went on taking it all the way to the village pub because he made it seem fun and natural to go like that. So, when he said : " My dear, I must go home to-morrow," Barbara said : " But why ? "

" Your last uninvited guest to stay more than a week—Belinda told me—was a low-sized moke and he ate the rose-trees. Molly said he smelt."

" What horrible conversations you have with those children."

" True. I must go back to my own daughter before they corrupt me."

It was a radiant summer noon and the pub had Pimms, which they drank under a big willow in the yard. A wistaria was in bloom all over the walls of the old buildings round them. Before they got back to lunch Christmas had agreed to stay another fortnight ; but he insisted on paying for his keep.

He gave her a cheque for a week and asked as a favour for thirty shillings change.

" Is that enough ? " she asked.

" Plenty for my pocket-money. I could never count money. If I start with enough for a month I spend it in a couple of days. So I must ration myself."

Tudor agreed that it was all too orderly to be true. But he claimed that Christmas had engineered Barbara's invitation for him to stay. " Add it up : a perfect morning, and the right drink in the right place, and the suggestion of going back to a daughter who takes the sparkle out of life."

" You 're convinced he 's a fraud, aren't you ? "

" Not necessarily a fraud. Only, not at all artless. I 'm all for keeping him here a bit. I enjoy his letting me win a game of chess occasionally. He could beat me whenever he liked."

" He can't be all that crafty. He 's not got much out of life."

" He 's very old. The people who perhaps made the difference for him between a full life and loneliness may be dead. What do we know except that thirty years ago he had this house and a couple of daughters and no wife ? Maybe he 's just living in the past."

" Tudor, seriously, does he strike you as a man living in the past ? "

" No. That 's why I said he isn't at all artless. When he pulls a very fast one I think we might be ready for it, and it might be funny."

Tudor would always take a chance on his fellow-creatures if they promised to be interesting. But it began to look as if Christmas really was living only sentimentally in the past. He could tell a lot about the village after the first war, when prices were sky-high and all the farmers thought their fortunes were made. Hunt races, and dances, and young men and girls whose fathers drove dogcarts beginning to discover speed and romance in cars they could drive themselves.

But he did not talk about himself. He ought to have been a bit old for the racket of 1914 ; but Barbara felt he had done his share. He never mentioned his wife.

Barbara heard before long from Mrs. Gittins at the paper-shop that his wife had been drowned, *(Continued on page 56)*

Illustrations by Frank Lea

She took to calling for him in her pony-trap most afternoons, and within a few days was making him do the driving.

Pilgrims viewing the Kaaba in the courtyard of the Great Mosque, Mecca

MECCA
Goes Modern

By Martin Thornhill

THREE British firms are taking electricity to the Holy City of Mecca, an undertaking which sets up yet another milestone on the well-trod trails to the most pilgrimaged place in the world.

With more shipping available than at any time since 1939, the last Hadj brought 350,000 Mohammedans to the sacred places of Islam—the largest Moslem pilgrimage since 1929. But all previous records are likely to be broken by the next gathering of the faithful, which brings up to £2,000,000 annually in revenue to Ibn Saud, whose kingdom of the Hejaz (the "Border") includes not only Mecca itself, but Medina the capital, and Jedda the pilgrims' port on the Red Sea. Mecca and Medina are both holy places of pilgrimage for every country with a Moslem community, an aggregate of one-seventh of the population of the world, over 80,000,000 of them in India, 60,000,000 in China, 50,000,000 in Java, Sumatra, Malaya. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims hail from Africa and the more distant Russias. Britain and the transatlantic countries also have large and growing Islamic communities.

War stopped the great annual Hadj, though many attempted it even then. Over 2,000 Chinese Moslems set out on foot in 1940, but only twenty-two survived the privations of the trek. When hostilities ended, the Hadj was revived, for it is written in the Koran that once in his lifetime every follower of the Prophet must make the sacred journey across the seas and over the Arabian desert to the Shrine of Mohammed at Mecca. If a man is too ill to go himself he should name a deputy. And the trek still provides the colourful mosaics it always did : dazzling quayside assemblages of brown men with red fezes, veiled women in brilliant-hued sarongs, each grasping the small bundle containing everything for the Hadj, and contrasting vividly with (*Continued on page* 65)

Thousands of Mecca pilgrims now fly to Jedda airport. King Ibn Saud of Arabia emerging from an aeroplane newly arrived from Egypt, after inspecting its interior

(*On right*) Now Moslem women go to Mecca. Pilgrims embarking at Casablanca, Morocco, for Jedda
(*Below*) The Kisweh—Holy Carpet—leaving Cairo for Mecca

The Midinettes Of Paris

FOR an assortment of reasons the twelve-day stoppage by the midinettes was the most popular strike Paris has known.

The sewing-girls who, some for as little as £2 a week, made the world's most glamorous dresses, might understandably have made demands long before this. When they did, they kept matters gay by hugging gendarmes and singing "La Vie en Rose"—in truth, it was a pink strike.

The non-working days provided an unexpected crop of "dates" for sugar daddies, *amis de coeurs*, and plain admirers. But chief of all, was the strike popular because the midinettes are indigenous to Paris. No other city could have produced them. A number of those traits and characteristics which one automatically associates in the mind's eye with Paris, are equally applicable to the midinette.

Exhaling the Parisian gaiety of heart, laughing, mocking, ready to love when it pleases her, she is also hard-working, practical, and serious-minded when she chooses. Volatile and vivacious, she is well down to earth when occasion demands, can display her portion of the national moderation. Gay and artistic, like Paris, rippling with chatter, too, and showing off her charm and chic, she can be balanced and understanding, no light o' love.

She is *La Haute Couture's* permanent Paris Creation, and 20,000 strong to-day, no mean section of a city's population, but the more in evidence because so many midinettes congregate in two quarters only: the Champs-Elysees and the Madeleine.

The word "midinette" is loosely applied to all Paris shopgirls who come out in the sudden midday bustle. Yet it was coined to apply to the seamstresses who crossed the Rue de Rivoli in the noon-day (midi) hour to take their light lunch (dinette) in the newly opened Tuileries Gardens, after the exit of Louis Napoleon and his Eugénie. To this day the beginners in the dress ateliers eat their "dinette" out-of-doors, usually something in the nature of a sandwich, followed by fruit, and a coffee or glass of white wine afterwards in the little café.

THE French Academy refused to admit the word "midinette" to its dictionary in 1935, whereupon the seamstresses (why they are always called "little," beats me) converged joyously on the Institute on the Quai de Conti, but could not get the stuffy old purists to raise their ban. They weren't satisfied that "midinette" was sufficiently authentic French.

For the poor, humble sewing-girl, slaving away for her bowl of soup and a few centimes, often in rags, and at the mercy of Vile Man, one would need to go back to 1781, in which pre-Revolution year women were given the right to be *couturières*, over men. This was done in the name of modesty, so that male fingers should cease to run up and down the corsage of Madame la Marquise, and under the new female emancipation the needle-girls' fortunes improved a little: they were made to look less lowly, nourished better.

But another fifty years were to go by before the *couseuse* or seamstress slipped on to a corner of the Parisian stage. In the Paris of Gavarni (1830), and later, under Louis Philippe, authors, poets and song-writers found in her a good subject over whom to be sentimental, or to wax bawdy, a trend which reached its climax with the publication of Murger's *Vie de Boheme*. Under the Second Empire, the Mimis and Musettas were the cement of many a novel and poem, whose heroines were still of humble mien and more sinned against than sinning.

The Paris Exhibition of 1867 led to a definite alteration in the sewing-girls' status. There were then strict embargos on the export of dressmakers' creations, and Paris decided to break them all by sending out dolls dressed in the latest creations, for exhibition in the capitals of the world. The ruse was a triumphant success and the Paris *Haute Couture* in the modern sense, was born. Men again became the masters of fashion, and whether the Marquise liked it or not, masculine fingers travelled up and down her corsage, as in pre-Revolutionary days. (*Continued on page* 58)

The midinettes have a presentation "for midinettes only." Jeanne Lafaurie thought it an excellent idea to let the girls who have made the model gowns see them in their finished state displayed by the mannequins

Midinettes at work in the workrooms of Jacques Fath

(*On right*) During 1948 one hundred and fifty midinettes passed the annual millinery examination. Here is shown one of the contestants at work on her test

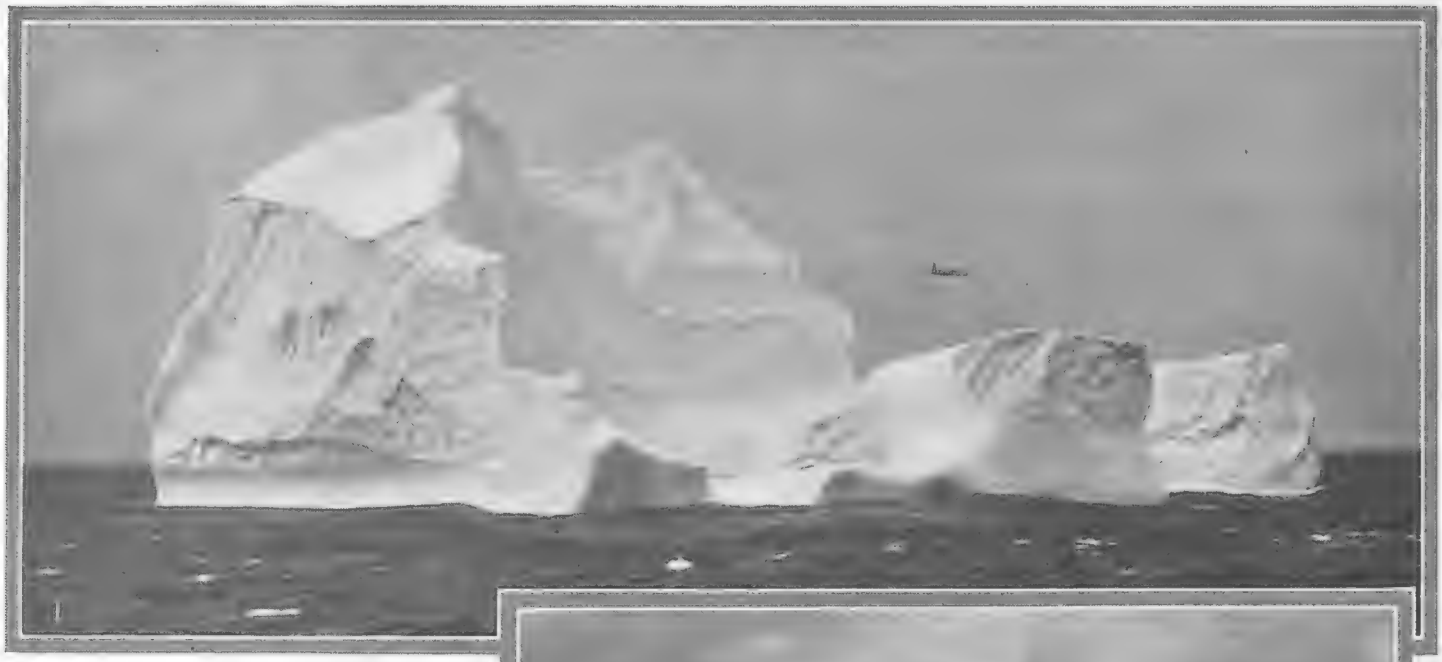
The Life And Loves Of The Seamstresses Of The World's Fashion Centre

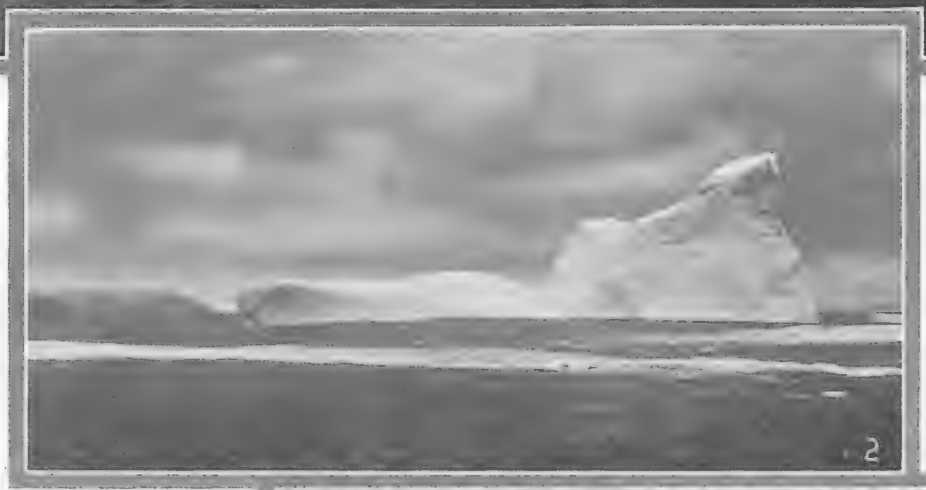
By Ferdinand Tuohy

Last July 12,000 midinettes went on strike for a wage increase of fifteen francs an hour. Many of them did not belong to any trade union and in the above picture they are seen making application to become members and paying the fees

(*On right*) Miss Midinette for 1949. Mlle Huguette Dubuis (*centre*) with her maids of honour, Lucienne Herve (*left*) and Gisele Argon (*right*)

(*Below*) St. Catherine is the patron saint for all spinsters and on the 25th of November the midinettes dress up, some wearing traditional bonnets, and parade the main streets of Paris. The picture below shows a group of midinettes on the steps of the Opera House





Greenland's Floating Mountains

By David Gunston

THE growing use of modern radar apparatus to enable shipping to avoid collision with icebergs has focused attention recently on to these mysterious, majestic miracles of nature. Most people know that the iceberg seen sticking up out of the sea is only part of the whole; in actual fact only about one-eighth of the total ice mass is visible, the remaining portion being submerged yet the whole still floating easily. But beyond that they all too often remain mysteries.

Ever since man first travelled the oceans in the first ships icebergs have been the mariner's horror. The *Titanic* disaster, in 1912, was by no means the first (*Continued on page* 62)

1. One of the big ones. This iceberg has a majestic beauty in clear weather, but in a pea soup fog it would spell disaster for many a ship
2. An iceberg photographed by the Royal Canadian Navy off the Harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland
3. A member of the crew of a United States Coastguard cutter on ice patrol duty, takes a look at this floating mountain of ice
4. A peculiar-shaped iceberg photographed by a United States Coastguard photographer on reconnaisance flight over the Grand Banks area

Visa For X

How The Closure Was Put To The Career Of A Super Forger

By Barry Perowne

"UNCLE COLLEY," Mary held out both her hands to him. "How did you find me?"

A CHURCH clock was striking six. The measured chimes vibrated deeply, above the traffic hum of busy streets, to a room in which a man was committing a forgery.

It was a big room with fluorescent lighting and a double row of desks. In an end-of-day bustle, men were slamming drawers, rattling keychains, talking cheerfully as they shrugged into their overcoats.

A lugubrious, bald individual whose blue serge suit suggested the ex-policeman was moving from desk to desk, tipping the contents of the wastepaper-baskets into a large sack he carried. He did the job with care, intent that no shred should fall to the floor or remain in the baskets, for in this building all waste-paper was dangerous.

It was a building in which were fabricated many kinds of documents, from identity cards and birth certificates to membership cards of subversive political organizations. The documents were in a variety of languages, but they had one thing in common. All were false.

A counterpart of this room was to be found in the capital of any nation which possessed a clandestine intelligence service.

The man with the sack approached a desk that stood apart from the others and at a point of vantage over them. This was the desk of the section chief, the master forger.

His massive head, with its grey, thick hair, was bent over his work. He had a grey, spade beard. He was a big man, inclined to be portly. Even in shirt sleeves, with snow-white cuffs folded back from strong wrists, and a green shade over his eyes, he had presence, an air of dignity.

He made a final stroke with his pen on a small, yellow card printed with minute script. His hands were broad, controlled, well-kept. He chuckled to himself, then glanced up at the man with the sack.

The man with the sack might have addressed the master forger as Monsieur, as Mr., as Señor, Mynheer, or Comrade—for he, too, like the room, had counterparts in every national capital. But the man with the sack called him "Mr."

"Can I clear your basket now, Mr. Colley?" said the man with the sack.

"Is it that late?" said Mr. Eldred Colley, master forger, and removing his eyeshade, he blinked his blue eyes hard, fluffed up his beard with the backs of the fingers of both hands, pinched on to his nose a pair of ribboned eyeglasses. He glanced round the room, saw that it had emptied, and with a judicious pursing of the lips consulted a thin, gold watch from his waistcoat pocket.

Finally, he nodded. "Very well, Peters—I've just finished."

Picking up the yellow card, he chuckled again over it. "Pretty work, eh?"

"Me being an idealist," said Peters, glumly stuffing paper into his sack, "I call it devil's work, sir."

"Now, now," said Mr. Colley. "Every country must have its weather men to warn it of celestial storms, Peters. Just as necessary are its secret service men to warn it of mortal storms."

He locked the door of the safe on the materials of his craft, put on the jacket of his pepper-and-salt suit, adjusted his watch-chain across the genial convexity of his midriff.

Peters helped him on with his overcoat. "What a world!" grieved the disillusioned perfectionist.

Mr. Colley patted him on the shoulder. "That, my friend," he explained kindly, "is why it behoves us to be on our guard."

Setting his wide-brimmed black felt hat squarely on his head, he cast a final glance round this room where for many years—ever since he had been recruited from his post as restorer of manuscripts in a celebrated museum—he had presided with urbanity over sleights and deceptions.

Saying good-night to Peters, he walked along a broad landing, knocked on a door, opened it, and announced, "I'm leaving now, Colonel."

The man who sat at the desk in that room nodded a head as sleek as black lacquer. He had a sharp, lined, quinine-yellowed face and jet-black eyes. "Right, Colley," he said. "I'm just packing up myself. What about that yellow card?"

"Elementary," said Mr. Colley. "I've produced, I think, a very passable bit of bogus."

"I knew we could rely on you," said the Colonel. "Is there anything you *can't* forge, you old conjurer?"

"Touch wood," said Mr. Colley. "Even Napoleon had the mortification of Waterloo."

All the same, reflected the emperor of the forgers, as the self-operated lift sank downwards with him, in all these years the service hadn't produced a problem to amaze him. He was proud of that, proud of his record, of the consummate skill of the fine hands he cherished. Above all, he was proud to think of the signal honour with which, he had been as good as told, he might expect a notable career of forgery to be worthily crowned when he retired in a year or two.

Smiling to himself, he took out his third cigar of the four which, being a man of moderation, he daily allowed himself. He crinkled it beside his ear, made epicurean passes with it under his nose, snipped it with the cutter on his watch-chain, set it between his bearded lips.

That award—which, of course, would be for services carefully unspecified—would puzzle them at the small, homey hotel where he had lived for many years. It was a private hotel and he was the star boarder. He long had presided over the communal dining-table with a benign reticence. Not even his son, Roy, knew Mr. Colley's real occupation. Only his wife had known that, and poor Edith had been in a better world for twelve years. By his fellow-boarders and the management, it was vaguely surmised that Mr. Colley, arbiter of the well-ordered life, was a pillar of the Treasury.

The lift stopped with an expiring sigh. He stepped into the hall, and the porter there was quick, as always, to proffer a lighter. Mr. Colley dipped his cigar in the flame, smiled his thanks, and tossing over his shoulder the smoke of a good day's counterfeiting, went out into the street.

The night was mid and damp. Cars hummed by and the street lamps shone. The face of the church clock, illuminated, hung in the night sky like a yellow moon. Mr. Colley bought an evening paper from his usual vendor and walked with deliberation to his customary 'bus halt.

Here, under the lamp, he glanced at the headlines. They brandished a homicide at him. A man had been pitched headlong from the fire-escape of an apartment house. An alien, Mr. Colley noted. Anything to do with aliens he read for useful hints; and as the 'bus came lumbering up, he folded the paper, stepped on to the platform.

"Take a seat," said a voice tensely in his ear, "and get off at the next stop but one."

He glanced round in astonishment. His eyes met the grey eyes of a man in a trench coat and a soft felt hat—a tall young man with a hard, pale, handsome face. He looked away at once. He was Mr. Colley's son, Roy.

Mr. Colley's good Havana suddenly had lost its flavour. He threw it away, went inside and sat down. Looking round, he saw Roy still standing on the platform.

Mr. Colley fingered his beard. He had been fearing trouble through his son for some time. This looked as though it might be it. There was a streak of the political fanatic in Roy; he had dubious ideas and dangerous friends, and lately had been prominent at the kind of street-corner political meeting that got broken up by the police with uproar and arrests.

Mr. Colley had been mild in his remonstrances, hoping that this was just a phase Roy was going through, due to his experiences as a prisoner of war; he had had it rough, but he'd settle down, given time, Mr. Colley had hoped—and at the hotel where they both lived there was a girl, Mary Mercer, on whose influence he had counted.

Mary was studying medicine. She was a clean-cut, cool girl with amber hair and hazel, humorous eyes. She called Mr. Colley "Uncle," was the only one of the boarders who wasn't slightly awed by his dignity, and the only one who could make him frown and tangle his beard at chess. She was just the kind of level-headed girl to keep Roy on the rails, and they had seemed attracted to each other for a time. Lately, though, there appeared to have been a cooling off—due, probably, to Roy's wretched politics. His habits had become more irregular than ever, and for weeks Mr. Colley seemed hardly to have set eyes on him.

ROY reappeared almost at once, and there was a woman with him. All Mr. Colley could see of her was that she wore a fur coat

Now, this. He obviously was in some kind of mess.

The 'bus was slowing, and glancing round, Mr. Colley saw Roy jump off and start walking in the same direction. The 'bus left him behind. At the next stop, Mr. Colley himself got off. He hung about uneasily, watching for Roy; but when

he appeared, it was so suddenly that Mr. Colley jumped.

"All right," Roy said, "let's walk on. Sorry to be melodramatic. I had to see you, but I had to make certain you weren't watched."

"Why should *I* be watched?" said Mr. Colley.

"The relatives of wanted men are apt to be," Roy said.

Mr. Colley's heart sank. "Well," he said heavily, "what have you done?"

"You've a paper under your arm," Roy said. "It's on the front page."

Mr. Colley stopped dead. "Not that—that fire-escape murder——" He stared at his son.

"Keep walking," said Roy. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets; a muscle flickered in his jaw. "It wasn't murder," he said. "They call it that, but it was a fight, and he took a nose-dive off the fire-escape. Oh, I struck the blow, all right, and there were witnesses. The police call it murder, and they're after me—or soon will be."

For Mr. Colley, the terse voice, the street lights, the hum of passing cars, had a nightmare sharpness.

Roy said, "The place was a top-floor apartment we had the use of, for conferences. The man who rents it was away, as it happens. The rest of us, half-a-dozen of us, got out quick. The police have a shrewd idea who uses the place, who to look for. The others'll keep out of the mess, if they can. But the first one rounded up and questioned will paint it black for me—may have done so already, for all I know. That's why I haven't dared go home. The hunt may be up."

Mr. Colley walked like a stunned man.

"You warned me and you were right," Roy said bitterly. "I've been a crackpot right along the line. I had my eyes opened—to myself and to the rest of them—last night. That's how the scrap started, and it's why the witnesses will make the worst they can of it for me. It wasn't murder, but it'll be brought in murder by the police—if they get me."

"What are you going to do?" Mr. Colley said hoarsely.

"My only chance," Roy said, "is to get out of the country by the first possible 'plane. I daren't try it on my own passport. The only person who could provide me with a forged one, with a forged visa for the place I want to reach, is *you!*"

The thing hit Mr. Colley like a thunderbolt. He was a super forger. He forged wholesale. But it wasn't his skill alone that had made his strange career possible; he could have had no such career without unimpeachable integrity. He was a human paradox—a forger with honour.

Mortally shocked, he looked at his son. The haggard, handsome face, the grey, desperate eyes, pierced him. He couldn't face them. He strode on as though in flight from them. Abysses seemed to be cracking open round him.

"How did you know what my work was?" he said.

"I've known for a long time," Roy said. "What does it matter? You don't think I'd ask what I'm asking if it weren't life and death, do you? I ask it because I must."

"Roy," Mr. Colley said, "you don't understand. I'm trusted implicitly. You don't know what you're asking."

"I'm asking for my liberty, perhaps my life," Roy said.

The brutal truth of the words nailed Mr. Colley implacably to his quandary. Sweat trickled in his beard. "I can't do it, Roy."

"I'll destroy the document the instant I reach my destination," Roy said. "Once there, I'll get hold of other papers somehow. But I *must* get out. I've figured out an identity, a description, all details. Here——"

Mr. Colley felt a folded paper thrust into his hand.

"I can transfer the photograph from my own passport," Roy said. "It near enough fits the description on that paper, yet is so little like me that it'll get by."

"I can't do it," Mr. Colley repeated.

"You're my only chance," Roy said. "I've *got* to count on you. I'll be here, on this corner, to-morrow night, at seven—unless I'm picked up first."

"No," said Mr. Colley urgently. "Wait!"

But Roy was gone, cutting out obliquely across the street. A 'bus slid by and masked him. And Mr. Colley, after a minute, walked on. He walked blindly, his hand clenched on the slip of paper in his pocket, his beard sunk on his chest. He walked for miles, but he could neither walk away from his quandary nor resolve it. In his fingers was a cunning that could have made him a master criminal; in his character was the integrity of a lifetime.

It was with the feeling of a man who had been contending with devils that he walked at last, blinking, into the little, bright-lit hall of the hotel. He was late for dinner. Through an arch with red curtains hitched up with bobbles, he could see the boarders at coffee in the lounge. He hung up his coat and hat, and, adjusting his watch-chain and fluffing up his beard, made an effort to present his usual bland demeanour.

"Any callers or messages, Mrs. Rooke?" He was thinking of detectives seeking Roy, and there was a sultry thumping in his chest.

The manageress shook a sculptured, brassy coiffure. "Nothing, Mr. Colley. A very dull day. Oh, Miss Mercer's gone away for a while. A friend of hers dropped in a note from her. Such a pretty girl, in a hat with a blue feather. Girls about a hospital always seem attractive, don't they? I expect the doctors choose them. Will you have dinner now, Mr. Colley? Your son hasn't been in since yesterday. I don't know if you're expecting him?"

"I expect him when I see him, these days," said Mr. Colley grimly, and went upstairs.

In his big, comfortable room there, he unfolded the slip of paper Roy had given him. He glanced (*Continued on page 71*)

London is the chief fur centre of the world and the annual winter auction sales by the Hudson's Bay Company at Beaver Hall is an important event in the fur trade. Buyers examining white fox furs before the sale

A PAINTING I saw many years ago in the Royal Academy entitled "Sables and Diamonds" has always stayed in my memory, for in glistening paint with the May sunshine on it, it epitomized a thought which must at some time or other have occurred to many of us; what little reward goes to those whose labours bedeck the charms of Milady. Nowadays diamonds are less in favour and have become rather more an investment than an ornament, while mink has ousted sable as a fashionable fur, but furs have never lost their glamour or their romance, although the mere male has

The Romantic Fur

In The Arctic Circle, On The Borders Of Tibet, In The Jungles Of Africa And India, And In Lost Corners Of Afghanistan Men Are Tracking Down Animals Big And Small So That Their Skins Shall Adorn The Bodies Of Women

By Harry J. Greenwall

long since abandoned the fur-lined overcoat and even actor-managers no longer consider the fur coat a trade mark, but who does not remember the immortal lines of Svengali who proclaimed: "I vill vear a fur coat in de vinter and de sommer, too."

There was a time, of course, when sables were to furriers what diamonds were to jewellers. King George V had one of the finest sables in the world; it was a sable-lined overcoat valued at £15,000. Ermine, however, and not sable is the "Royal fur"; ermine has been a symbol of royalty ever since the reign of Edward III and it used to be an offence in England for anyone not of royal blood to wear ermine.

Ermine is a small animal of the rodent type found fairly abundantly in Arctic America, but its skin is only useful in winter time, when the animal's pelt turns snow-white; only the tip of its tail being black. The black poker dots one sees on ermine are in fact the tips of the animals' tails.

Examining a bale of mink skins. These small skins fetch as much as £14 to £25 each

Mink skins, of which some 2,000 were offered for sale at the last auction, being sorted and graded in the London warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company

The home of the mink, a marten-like animal of dark colour, is in Siberia. Partly because of the "Iron Curtain" and partly because Russia tries to wrest the fur trade as a whole from Britain, mink has become rarer than ever and this again has led to the exploitation of remarkably clever and expensive imitation mink, which, however, is nevertheless less expensive than the real article. Imitation mink is obtained by dyeing marmot skins. Another "near mink" is the Chinese weasel whose pelt, pale yellowish-brown in the natural state, is dyed darker and is sometimes called Chinese mink.

The marmot comes mostly from China, a country which also offers goat skins (a popular furbelow) kid and lamb and the already mentioned weasel pelt. Mink, incidentally, is not high in the order of either the longest or best wearing furs; experts tell me that the skin of the sea otter tops the (*Continued on page* 66)

A Scottish Wooing

The Courtship Of Colonel John Graham, The Scourge Of The Covenanters, And Jean Cochrane.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

They talked in the garden of the ruined abbey, whose shrine held the bones of Scottish kings.

JEAN COCHRANE was a bonnie lass with bright blue eyes, rich chestnut hair, a gay, enchanting manner. What were her thoughts when she looked up from her embroidery in the great hall of her mother's Paisley home and met the calm gaze of Colonel John Graham, who smiled, bowed, kissed her hand ?

She knew him by repute as the "Bloody Claverhouse," the scourge of the Covenanters in the South-West Lowlands. After the Battle of Bothwell Brig in June 1679, he had swept through Ayr, Dumfriesshire, Galloway, plundering farms, hunting fugitives, exacting a grim revenge for his earlier defeat at Drumelog, when the Covenanters he had been sent to disperse slew forty of his men and drove him back to Glasgow. Now he was at The Place, searching for a fanatical Covenanter priest who had been smuggled out when his troop rode up.

And was he not an enemy, since her mother—the widowed Lady Cochrane, who had married Lord Dundonald's son —secretly attended the Covenanters' outlawed meetings and deplored the Claverhouse barbarities ? Yet, when Jean saw his stern, proud face, his gallant bearing, and met his eyes . . . ? He was a fighter, every inch of him, a man of boundless if ruthless courage.

Later they talked in the garden of the abbey ruins whose shrine held the bones of Scottish kings. Was it true, she asked, that he slew poor Covenanters ? "We slay no one who abides by the law of the land," he replied, and told her of his boyhood, his youth at St. Andrew's University, his service in Holland as a cornet in the Dutch Guards of William of Orange. Already he was in love with the lass, and her mother, catching them together in the rush-strewn hall—and surmising how things were shaping—told him she was to marry young Will Livingstone, brother and heir to Lord Kilsyth, friend of Jean's eldest brother, Lord Cochrane, who was staying with them.

On his side, too, there was a complication—his kinswoman Helen, daughter of Sir James and Lady Graham. The Earl of Menteith, having no children, was prepared to settle on him the title and estates if he would marry her. This Paisley encounter : he must cut it out of his mind, cease gazing like a love-struck youth into those smiling blue eyes, take the road to Edinburgh again. Off he went with his troop, hats waving in farewell, with Jean waving back from the door. And soon he was writing of Helen to Menteith : " I need nothing to persuade me to take that young lady. I would take her in her smoak."

AFTER his departure Jean was solemnly warned against him both by her mother and grandfather, Lord Dundonald. " Oh," she said carelessly, " you need not worry, I am not likely to see him again." Yet secretly she sent him an affectionate letter by a servant, who failed to deliver it. And she did see him again, while staying at her grandfather's house in Edinburgh. She was at the window, when she saw him pass below, smiled and waved to him, and sent a servant to ask him in. Why not ? Scottish lassies are notoriously forthright in matters of the heart. They act first and think afterwards. There was an impetuous greeting. She just had time to tell him : " My mother had no right to tell you I was promised to Will Livingstone ! " before they were interrupted by Lord Dundonald, who came in frowning . . .

Later, after he had been to London to discuss Scottish affairs with Charles II. at Whitehall Palace, they met again at a Holyrood Palace ball. Had he come post-haste, hearing that she was there ? He was in military coat and riding-boots, dusty from the roads ; she a dream of loveliness, sparkling with jewels. He led her into a quiet window recess, away from the dancers, and he told her : " I love you, Jean, I love you ! " No more hesitation now ; their love was plighted. Their tryst might be interrupted by urgent tidings that drew him back to duty, but nothing now could keep them apart. Before he left she whispered : " I knew you would come back to me ! "

When she told her mother she meant to marry Graham there was an angry scene. Livingstone, who admired him, accepted his defeat chivalrously, but both Jean and Graham had a difficult

Jean and Graham had a difficult task winning round the dour Lord Dundonald. " Your life as a soldier," he told Graham, " is dangerous and unsettled. How can you look after a wife ? What if you are killed ? "

The bride's stocking was flung to the guests, who scrambled for it, believing it brought good luck.

task winning round the dour Lord Dundonald. " Your life as a soldier," he told Graham, " is dangerous and unsettled. How can you look after a wife ? What if you are killed ? " Graham replied that in that event she would have the income from his properties. The King was giving him Dudhope Castle and the post of Hereditary Constable of Dundee. Jean would be well provided for. In the end Dundonald consented, and Dudhope and a new house in Edinburgh were prepared for the bride's reception.

The wedding, on a June day of '84, was in the Abbey Chapel at Paisley, with a great feast in the hall, which was decked with flowers, and fiddlers in the minstrels' gallery. For the traditional custom of " feet washing " the bride sat on a chair beside a tub of water, her stockings were removed, her feet immersed, the ring was dropped in, and soot from the chimney. The guests, in a wild rush, then groped in the black slime for the ring, and the first unmarried person to grasp it might be sure of a prompt, happy marriage. In the " scrum " all must rub the bride's feet to ensure *her* happiness.

But Jean's did not last long, for immediately after the ceremony word came from General Dalyell of a rebel Covenanters' conventicle on Blacklock Moor, on the borders of Lanark and Stirling. Graham must ride at once to suppress it. Kissing his bride *adieu*, he hurried off, cursing the interruption, and spent days scouring the moors without result, for the report was evidently a hoax perpetrated on him in revenge for a trick of his own.

No sooner had he returned from this fool's errand, weary and angry, to find most of the wedding guests gone, than a second report came in. A trooper galloped up to The Place with news from Graham's second-in-command, Colonel Buchan, that rebels in ambush at Lesmahago had fired on his troops and fled to the hills over boggy ground. He needed Graham's urgent help to pursue them and cut off their retreat.

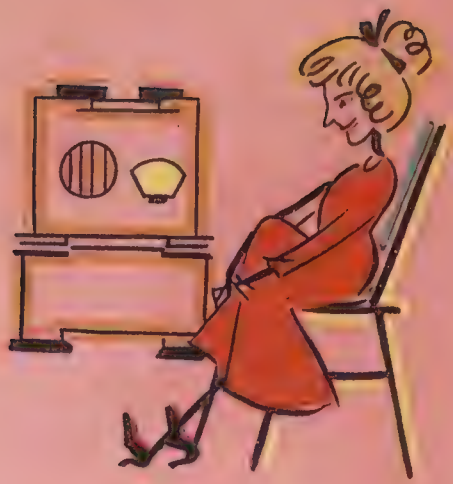
This time it was no hoax. Without waiting a moment Graham scribbled a note to Jean : " I am just taking horse. I shall be revenged some time or other of this unseasonable trouble these dogs give me. They might have let Tuesday pass." He then sprang into the saddle and galloped off with his troop to secure the passes into Galloway, but again without trace of the rebels. " We were through all the moors, mosses, hills, glens, woods, and spread in small parties," he said, " but could learn nothing of those rogues."

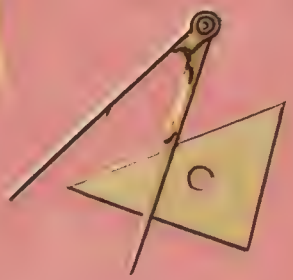
POOR Jean was deeply distressed by all this frustration and waiting. Was ever bride so treated, so dogged by ill-luck ? But the bridegroom's second return was celebrated by a dance and supper and another time-honoured bridal custom. The bride was put to bed with one stocking on, the bridegroom conducted to the room, ordered to undress and don his nightshirt, and lie beside her. The stocking was then slipped off and flung to the guests, who scrambled for it, believing it brought good luck. Finally, the curtains were drawn over the couple, and at last they were left in peace. Halbert J. Boys made much of these quaint old customs in his vivid romance, *Honour is All.*

A FEW weeks later they left for their new home at Dudhope, but there was little peace for the Covenanters' scourge. Outrage followed outrage. At Carsphairn a curate was murdered. Kirkcudbright was invaded by an armed band which broke into gaol, and released prisoners. Graham rode in pursuit, overtook a party, killed five and captured others. In May '85 he was implicated in the execution of two women by drowning on the sands of Solway Firth for refusing to take the abjuration oath, since it happened under his jurisdiction, and his brother was one of the judges at the trial.

(*Continued on page* 65)

When William landed in England Graham raised Jacobite support to oppose the crowning of William and Mary.





THINGS

A Young Woman of 21 takes for granted

TO-DAY'S young woman of twenty-one takes for granted many things that were miracles, or near-miracles, a quarter of a century ago; and quite right, too. Take radio : it has been about her from her cradle. Yet the British Broadcasting Company began its work only in 1923, and the British Broadcasting Corporation, descended from it, came into being only in 1927. The spoken word has for the young person of to-day an entirely different significance from what it had for her mother in her youth : the play has been brought into her home, instead of entailing a visit to the theatre –an occasion to look forward to, and back upon; the lecture by some eminent authority has been brought into the sitting-room instead of involving attendance at some hall.

Or take the vote : in the 1950 election she will walk to the polling booth—that is to say, she should walk to the polling booth –to cast her vote for the candidate she favours without even a momentary glow at the thought that she has a vote. Yet it was 1928 before women of twenty-one received the franchise of the United Kingdom, ten years earlier before it was timidly granted to women of thirty. Women became entitled to sit in Parliament in 1918; but the fourth woman member entered the House of (*Continued on page* 81)

BY IRENE CLEPHANE

DECORATIONS BY

Nicolson

By Just

THERE has always been a curious bond between the Scot and the Frenchman. Curious, because they are so utterly unlike, and yet the bond is there, and may have had something to do with the surprising elopement of Morna Macleod and Paul Dubois in the year of Queen Victoria 1872.

Morna was just eighteen, the only daughter of the laird of Kilkiven, and Paul's father was a refugee from the 1848 revolution in France. Paul himself was born in Scotland, thus automatically becoming a British subject, which saved him a lot of trouble later. He was twenty-four when he came to the Isle of Kilkiven from Edinburgh, where his father was making a living by teaching music. Paul himself was a violinist. He had just obtained work in a well-known concert orchestra in an English town, and was leaving in about a fortnight's time to start on his new job. Meanwhile, he came to Kilkiven for a holiday, complete with his beloved violin, and played in the evenings by the fireside, to please his hosts in the old inn where he was staying.

They were very fond of Paul, although they told one another that he was "clean daft." He talked English, or perhaps we should say Scottish, fluently, retaining all his French volubility and gesticulation and excitement.

"That's a bonny tune," said old Mrs. Mackinnon one evening, as he finished on a soft lingering note.

"That is called 'Plaisir d' Amour.'"

"What would it mean?"

"It would mean," said Paul, recognizing at once a similar idiom to the French

Illustration by J. S. Goodall

"You understand," he said slowly, "that this is a valuable historic jewel! Are you sure you want to sell it?"

Exchange

By
Mary Just

one, ("cela veut dire") "'The Pleasure of Love.'"

"Ay, ay. Could ye no sing it?"

"Alas. I cannot sing. But ha . . . I can tell you who could sing it. That so lovely little lady who sang to us in the concert in the—what-you-call-Town-Hall—last night. Ah, her voice! And how beautiful she was."

"Ye'd best keep off *that* path, my lad," said his host with a grin, "that was young Miss Morna, the laird's daughter."

"What is this laird?" asked Paul, softly plucking at the strings of his violin.

"The island belongs to him."

"Will it belong to her, afterwards? That is a pity. For I do not want the island."

"Will ye listen to him?" said Mackinnon with a chuckle. "So ye have it all settled, have ye, Monseer? Ye needna fash yourself, she's got a brother."

"I have it settled that I marry this so beautiful little Morna, yes," agreed Paul placidly.

"And what does she say?"

"Hein! There I cannot tell. We have not yet met."

There was a roar of laughter, but they laugh best who laugh last, for it was only about a fortnight later that the whole island was staggered by the news that "Monseer Paul" and Morna Macleod had boarded the tiny coasting steamer at 4 a.m. for Glasgow, and that, only when the steamer returned, and the crew brought the story with them. There was no "electric telegraph" in those days on the island, although the invention was in full swing on the mainland, and therefore it was only after a wild search had been made for Morna, and a little letter had been discovered pinned on her pincushion, according (*Continued on page 76*)

High up beside the snow-field a snow-bunting was singing

The Call OF THE HILLS

BY RICHARD PERRY

FOR four years there was rarely a morning that my eyes did not first turn towards the high tops of the Cairngorm mountains, five miles from our house in the Central Highlands of Scotland. Wherever else they might stray they always came back to the deer-stalker's path, which zig-zagged up the huge outer rampart of the Cairngorms and disappeared over its domed brow. It was the lure of the unknown that fascinated me. What was it like up there, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above sea-level? What flowers grew there? What animals lived there?

That the mountains were deep in snow when I first set eyes on them only intensified their attraction for me. At that time I supposed that the depth of the snow and the low temperatures above 3,000 feet would make them impassable. However, the meteorologists in the observatory on Ben Nevis, no great distance to the west, had never recorded temperatures below zero, though thirty or forty degrees of frost were by no means uncommon in the high villages both east and west of the Cairngorms. So, one morning, I set out along the stony track over the moors to try my luck.

Soon, I had climbed above the moors, with their grouse and red deer. At about 3,000 feet, when the steepness of the ascent was approaching that of the roof of my house, I found myself confronted by a vast snow-field. However, by leaving the stalker's (*Continued on page* 78)

WANG FU was the storekeeper for the plantation and he had a shocking memory

The Error Of Wang Fu

But His Most Regrettable Mistake Saved The Lives Of The Plantation Staff

By Michael Hastings

HENRY PEARSALL slapped at a mosquito which had penetrated a chink in the netting. "I'm getting out of this as fast as I can," he said. He mopped his shining red face with a great square of silk. "My car was fired on yesterday. . . . I'm too old to be a hero." Unexpectedly, he chuckled. "And too fat."

But Grant Collins didn't join in the laugh. He waited until it had died down, then said quietly: "I'm staying. Don't feel, Henry, that I can't appreciate your instinct for survival. As I see it, it's just as important for some of us to play safe as it is for others to gamble."

Pearsall wiped round the open neck of his shirt. "Blessed if I can see it your way. Listen, man; inevitably there'll come a time when the last terrorist band's been wiped out, when Malaya can get on with its business. What's going to be the use, though, if all the planters and miners have been killed off? Who's going to get things into production again? The only thing that's going to save the world is production—getting the raw materials which will keep the factories of civilization going. . . ."

"Making armaments to destroy itself?" drawled young Elkin. Nobody answered that. Not that he expected an answer. He was new to Ipoh, and he had all the self-consciousness of a misfit. He knew that he didn't belong; not to the land, nor to the people. It irritated him, because he couldn't fathom the reason. He'd left home in search of a new life, craving a short cut which would bring him to to-morrow. Surely, there would be fresh opportunities, greater rewards, if only one could escape from to-day? But he hadn't escaped. In his more dejected moments he felt he'd stepped backwards.

Pearsall said: "Why not do the prudent thing and come to the coast with me? I thought of going North to Penang; but they say there are terrorists grouped between here and Taiping. So, I reckon the safest way will be to Kuala Lumpur, and from there to Port Swettenham."

Collins shook his head. "Not for me," he announced. "I know the risks of staying here. I appreciate what is worse than the danger—the strain. But I feel that those of us who can endure these things, should. If we all quit, it will merely encourage the terrorist bands."

Pearsall grunted. "Sounds all right; but I don't care what words are inscribed on my tombstone. I feel a duty to myself—to remain alive as long as possible. I don't feel any particular shame. I'm fat and short of breath. I've neither the body nor the mind of a fighter."

"Can't say that I blame you," said Elkin. "When the last show started I longed to take the British way of life and thought to the States." He gave a slow, rather attractive smile. "But I hadn't the money—so I made the best of a bad job and volunteered."

"You'll join me?" asked Pearsall eagerly. He seemed glad to find support—even from Elkin. "I'm planning to make a start at daybreak. There are a couple of police cars going as far as Tapah Road; I thought of joining them for protection on the first stage of the journey. Then, I saw Inspector Forrest at the Station Hotel last night, and he told me there's a chance of falling in with a convoy just South of——" His voice thinned off to silence, his eyes opened roundly, and he shook his head. "No?" he whispered.

GRANT COLLINS was out of his chair and across the room in what appeared to be a single movement. Elkin jumped up, grabbed a revolver, and followed

"No," said Elkin. "Good of you to suggest it, and all that. But my job's here. Don't get me wrong; there's nothing of the ardent young warrior in my make-up. That was sweated out of me in the Western Desert. The truth is, I resent the idea of being chucked out on my neck and having to make a fresh start."

There was a difficult silence; but Pearsall wasn't finished. He dabbed with his handkerchief, then blurted out: "What about you, Mrs. Collins? Grant, you should send your wife to the coast. This is no place for a woman."

"It's my place," said Ruth Collins quietly. She'd been withdrawn a little from the three men, giving more of her attention to a magazine which had come with the day's post.

Elkin looked at her. There was nothing tough about her appearance. He'd have described her as rather frail. Not bad looking when you took into account the climate, which wasn't kind to a woman. She was, he reckoned, very little older than himself; and about ten years younger than her husband.

Pearsall said: "Grant, you're taking risks—having her here. She'll soon be the only woman in the district."

"You're a bachelor," said Grant Collins with a crinkled smile. "You've learnt from books that man is the master. It's fiction, I assure you! I wanted Ruth to leave weeks ago; but she so bewildered me with illogical and irrelevant arguments that I had to give in."

Ruth laughed. "Complete slander. The truth of the matter is that Grant refuses to abandon his plantation, and I refuse to leave the workers without medical attention. We haven't an abundance of doctors, so my nursing knowledge comes in pretty useful. At least, that's what I think. John Elkin doesn't agree." She had a way of wrinkling her nose when she smiled.

"That's putting it rather strongly!" he protested. "What I have said is that these people live such insanitary lives that they're certain to die sooner or later. And, another thing, why waste perfectly good medical supplies on them? They all seem to believe in magic and mumbo-jumbo of one kind or another. So anything will do, provided you tell them it's very powerful. Flour and water mixed to a paste and colouring matter added . . . that sort of thing."

"I get better results with my medicines," Ruth insisted. "If you don't believe me, ask Wang Fu."

Elkin grinned. He turned to Pearsall. "You know Wang Fu?"

"The store-keeper for the plantation, isn't he?"

"That's right. He's fat and lazy."

Pearsall's eyes twinkled. "I've sympathy there."

"And as muddle-headed as they make 'em. Only yesterday I asked him for some storm lanterns from Number One storehouse, which is down by the lower road. Away he went, at his peculiar shuffling jog-trot. Nothing happened. About an hour later I'd gone further up the hill—you know, the *Changket utang*—and caught a glimpse of him pottering around Number Two storehouse. I pounced on him about it; but he didn't seem concerned. It was a mix-up in his mind. He seemed to regard it as amusing, as well as a creditable performance!"

Ruth Collins smiled. "Poor old Wang! You mustn't expect efficiency from him, you know. He's been with us a long time,

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

and I suppose I've made a bit of a pet of him. He's a shocking memory, and he's always muddling things; but I suspect that he does it deliberately sometimes. He doesn't mind looking a bit of a fool if it will amuse me. In some ways, mind you, he's the very reverse of foolish."

Elkin hesitated. "Look," he said, "I'm not trying to rush in with advice. You should know much more than I do. I'm still trying to learn. It seems to me, though, that you place a good deal of trust in Wang Fu." He glanced across at Grant Collins. "You left him to mount guard over the bungalow the other night when we were called out to Pearson's place."

"That's right," said Grant. "Before you were here, I often left Wang in charge of things."

"Have you heard that he has a cousin who's with one of the terrorist bands?"

Grant Collins's smile was almost indulgent. "That doesn't mean anything," he explained. "These Chinese have a wonderful memory for families, you know. Most of us lose track of our cousins, and more distant relations. Take my case; I've two uncles I've never seen, and I've no idea whether they're married and have families. You'd be staggered at the answer if you asked Wang how many relatives he has. For example, he has a brother in Canton and receives a news bulletin about that side of the family every month."

"I know," Ruth interposed. "Wang read one of the letters to me once and I've never been so bewildered in all my life. There seemed to be dozens of Wangs. And he'd a sister who married a Wong, which made it worse. All the Wongs have become related by marriage and are regarded as a branch of the family."

"In all that lot, there's pretty sure to be a Communist," her husband pointed out.

"But Wang's cousin is here in this country—it's said that he's in this very district," Elkin persisted.

"I'd be careful, if I were you, Grant," Pearsall advised. "This had slipped my memory; but Elkin's brought it back by his comments. Inspector Forrest was talking about the way these terrorist bands obtain news. He didn't mention names; but he said that one of them had a member who was related to some Chinaman employed on one of the estates. They nearly caught the man the other night on his way back from a family visit. Might be Wang's cousin, eh?"

"Quite possibly," Grant Collins agreed. "But that wouldn't make me believe that Wang was being a traitor. What do you think, Ruth?"

She shook her head. "Not Wang," she declared. "He wouldn't give us away."

Elkin wasn't persuaded. "I wouldn't suggest he'd do it with zest. There might be a clash of loyalties, though. Look—if you've no objection—I'll keep an eye on him during the next few days."

Grant Collins shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish," he said. He didn't think it important, and his voice betrayed his thoughts. The colour rose a little in Elkin's cheeks.

YOU couldn't talk of terrorists all the time. Inevitably, you completed a circle; and it soon became tedious repeating the old arguments. Ruth was glad when the men drifted into the more peaceful atmosphere of pipe-smoke and silence. She tried her hardest to conceal it; but the strain was like a fretsaw blade scraping across a tightened nerve. A little escapism would be a relief.

Not the physical escapism of Henry Pearsall, though. She'd always liked him, and she found herself trying to make excuses for him. Such as asking herself: Isn't flight a natural form of survival? Haven't you learnt that from the jungle? Every creature isn't a panther.

Deeper within she was fostering a hope that some emergency would peel off the amiable, timid exterior and prove that Henry was as good as any other man. If only something would happen. If only. . . .

And while her imagination was creating desperate situations a wild chattering, like an excitement of parrots, jangled across the silence. Pattering feet, shrill voices, and an excited calling of "*Tuan* Collins. *Bahia! Bahia!*"

"Danger!" Grant Collins was out of his chair and across the room in what appeared to be a single movement. Elkin jumped up, with more noise. He grabbed a revolver, and followed. Henry Pearsall and Ruth remained. She looked at him, searchingly. He was aware of it, and sought refuge in the futile action of dabbing at his face with his handkerchief. There were tiny, glistening beads of moisture across his forehead; not entirely due to heat. His eyes were restless.

Outside, the noise quietened down. Ruth forgot Henry Pearsall and strained her ears trying to catch what was being said; but she could only hear the murmur of voices and the actual words eluded her.

Then she heard her husband give a command. "Wait here." He sounded calm, unflurried.

As he came back into the room she looked up at him questioningly. It was Henry Pearsall who spoke.

"For God's sake tell us the worst! What is it?"

"Trouble over at Murray's place. A small party of terrorists are attacking. He's holding them; but he's sent one of his Malays to ask for help."

Ruth nodded her head. That was the answer, of course. Grant must go. They mustn't let the Murrays down. She wondered about Doreen Murray and the small child.

"If he's holding them he'll be all right," Henry Pearsall said eagerly. "The point is that the attack may be switched to this place. Or there may be an ambush on the way there. If so, it would make things worse for him; because the devils would get our weapons. I think the thing to do is to sit tight here; but try to get a message through to Ipoh."

Grant Collins ignored him. Impossible to say whether it was deliberate or unconscious. He put a hand on Ruth's shoulder.

"Dare I leave you?" (*Continued on page* 65)

Comparisons-

The Author Of This Article Has Recently Returned From A Business Trip To The United States And Records Her Impressions Of What Present-Day Life Is Like For The Ordinary United States Citizen

Lady Ingram photographed on board the R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*

COMPARISONS are odious—we all know that—but if you go to the United States be prepared to have them thrust at you and pushed down your throat—you just can't avoid them.

Of course a traveller from Britain has to count every cent, let alone every dollar and give up any idea of patronizing extravagant Fifth Avenue shops, but the common-or-garden shops, how much better and cheaper they are than anything we British have seen since before the war.

The shop windows are stacked with everything we have been doing without for years at a price which in England would seem bargain cheap.

There are mountains of "candies" and chocolates at from two shillings to five shillings a pound, great bunches of bananas at ninepence a pound, any amount of cigarettes at tenpence for twenty, pyramids of Scotch whisky at one pound a bottle, rows of turkeys and chickens hanging up by their necks at fifteen shillings and five shillings, and "cans" (tins) of everything under the sun, from whole hams to hard-boiled eggs and ready-made pastry. You can buy as many super nylons as you like at five shillings a pair, for which sum also you can get a really excellent meal, and petrol in any quantity you care to order gushes into your tank at one and threepence a gallon.

One of the comparisons which strikes the hardest blow is that everywhere—in the hotels, clubs, cafés and railway stations as well as in private houses—everything is in "apple-pie" order. Remembering our pathetic shabbiness at home, one feels inclined to weep at such immaculateness and fervid attention to cleanliness and hygiene.

Every article sold in the States and all food-stuffs are done up in their appropriate wrappers, and in the bathrooms, tooth-glasses, lavatory-seats, and face towels have bands on which are printed "this is for your protection," showing they have been sterilized and are unused till the band is broken.

As to clothes, the choice is so wide in America that it's staggering. Clothes are well cut and finished, attractive and cheap. I'm talking of mass-produced clothes designed to suit vast numbers of women, but these women are fastidious, so clothes have not only got to be cheap and good value, but "stylish" and original, or they won't sell—and this goes for men's clothes, too.

The competition to sell the goods is also keen and the path of the customer is strewn with facilities. For instance, to buy a cotton frock; you go to a department store where you will find a revolving stand with about a dozen lifelike models eighteen inches high dressed in different cotton frocks. These models are also revolving, showing off the dresses which are numbered and display the colours in which they can be supplied.

Having made your choice, you tell the saleswoman which number and colour you want and state your size (and the range of sizes in America is beyond belief!). And immediately—if not sooner!—the dress is in your hands. You try it on by yourself in a cubicle and either buy it, or "have another go" if it doesn't suit you. How much quicker and more satisfactory this is than having to rely on a selection of frocks chosen by the saleswoman, or feverishly poking about to see what you can find yourself.

No sign of "Sorry, No Sweets" in this American candy store. Your favourite chocolates and candies are in abundant supply at reasonable prices

IT is obviously unfair to compare the U.S.A. and G.B. housing conditions. There was no bombing and devastation in America, they have no shortage of timber or housing materials, and have gone in extensively for temporary camps, naturally their "Housing development for War-Veterans and those of Lower Incomes" are greatly in advance of ours, but it is when we come to the old houses, built before the war, and the houses now being built by private enterprise for people of moderate means, that one is particularly struck by the overwhelming superiority of the American houses.

They have never had houses in the United States as bad as some of our rural cottages which are still being lived in—houses without water, lighting, or sewerage laid on; with no sink, bath or w.c., with low rooms, tiny windows, damp walls, stone floors and inadequate cooking stoves—and, except in the back-of-beyond, they always have

U.S.A. and G.B. by Lady Ingram

water and electricity—but any houses they had which were "sub-standard" have been brought up to date, largely by the efforts of the occupiers themselves, they just would not tolerate bad houses.

Of course, reconditioning is enormously helped by the ready supply of fittings of all kinds to be bought on the hire-purchase system and fitted into a home. Stoves, cupboards, "fridges," washing-machines, the large majority of households have these and the universal principle is "do it by electricity, it does so much and costs so little."

THE small modern American house is as nearly the answer to a housewife's prayer as can be realized. It has central-heating, air-conditioning, the cupboards are dust-proof, all windows have anti-fly netting, most of the rooms have radio or television and there are two or three telephones. There is not only a refrigerator but a "deep-freezer" which preserves fruit and vegetables in jars without any process and keeps food for months in perfect condition.

This is a view of the small house described in the article. With every modern convenience and labour-saving device, it is the answer to a housewife's prayer

In the cellar, which is warm and dry in winter and cool in summer, there is a playroom for the children. The floor is a composition that makes a splendid roller-skating surface, a modest "gym" is fitted up and father, as well as the children, keeps fit on the parallel bars, while in one corner is a cold shower for the household to use during heat waves.

The kitchen is quite small and fitted all round with "cupboard-units" and an electric stove which always has a simmering oven and a special stockpot which goes on cooking all the time at very low heat and cost.

None of the rooms are large, but as they all have fitted cupboards and drawers and very little furniture there is a feeling of space and tidiness. There are two tiny bathrooms and three lavatories, the flush being worked by a foot pedal and fitted with a disinfectant spray.

The view from the sitting-room plate-glass window which runs nearly the length of one of the walls of the room

Yes, I know, it all sounds too much of a good thing! But it's true. And this is not an exceptional house, rigged up regardless of expense, but a typical home of a young couple who have a steady, but modest income, two children to educate and only a "coloured help" for a few hours twice a week.

WHEN it comes to comparing gardens, we can at last get a little of our own back. Americans are greatly handicapped by their climate, they get such great extremes in temperature and long periods of drought that they are very restricted in what they can grow. Down South, of course, they can have sub-tropical plants that are quite beyond us, but a grass lawn, as we know it, is rare indeed and our herbaceous borders, with their great variety of lovely flowers, fill American gardeners with envy. They don't go in for growing their own vegetables nearly as much as we do but make as good a show as they can with flowers; and with water-

(*Continued on page 74*)

An avenue lined with trees in a typical Chicago suburb. Practically every residential area in the United States has avenues of this type

MARGUERITE STEEN

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

WHATEVER the limitations on actual travel to-day, there are none on armchair substitutes. Books about places tumble from the press, and personally I love them, for in prodding the wanderlust they also assuage it—by proxy.

Ann Bridge and Susan Lowndes, jaunting off the beaten track in a small car, serve well "The Selective Traveller in Portugal" (Evans, 21s.), that sunny land where olive and grape harvesting—indeed, every cropping operation—are made a folk festival with dancing and singing to guitars and tambourines. The book has good photographs, excellent maps, an enchanting jacket; and we learn, among other things, that a country the size of Scotland supplies the world with half its cork.

BERNARD NEWMAN, surveying all the seaboard countries in "Mediterranean Background" (Hale, 16s.), has to be more concisely factual, with an eye to strategic and other problems. He suggests that the reader peruse it then put it aside for reference when these countries fill the headlines, adding ominously: "Present indications suggest that the book should be kept reasonably accessible!" Well, he need not rub *that* in; don't we know? There are slants on people as well as politics. When the Greek ex-Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, was ordered by his doctor to cut smoking he broke his cigarettes in two. Ordered by the Germans to prepare a list of prominent hostages for execution if trouble developed, he headed it with his own name!

"THE NEW CONGO" (Macdonald, 15s.) is Tom Marvel's beat. U.S. Information Officer there during the war, he returned later for a 9,000-miles tour, gathering facts about industries, customs, native problems, notably the drift of the best young males to the towns, leaving family and village life disrupted. A chapter on the industrial diamond mines discloses that Bakwanga—which claims to be the world's largest diamond field, larger than Kimberley—yielded a stone of 560 carats, bigger than a golf ball, though not of gem quality. By the Garamba National Park is a school for taming wild elephants for field and forest work. A richly informative survey covering past, present, future.

(*Continued on page* 68)

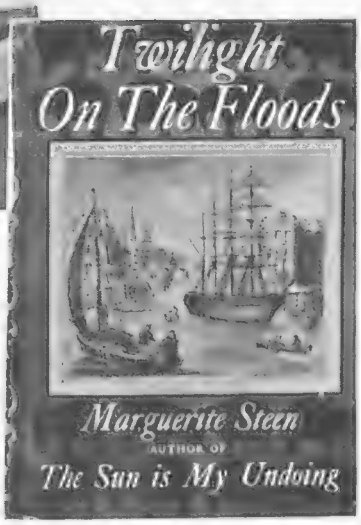
Family Saga

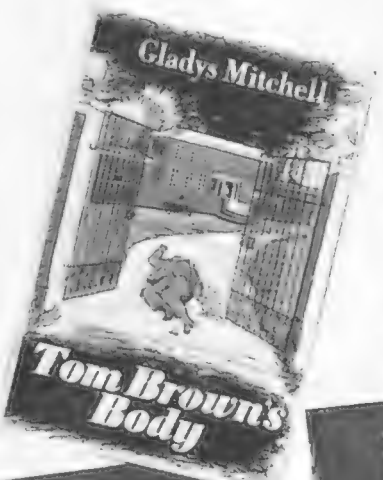
A PHENOMENON of our day is the demand for huge novels despite the amount of leisure-time devoted to radio, films, outdoor sports. *Anthony Adverse*, *Gone With the Wind*, *King Cotton*, *Champion Road*, *Raintree County* . . . and now Marguerite Steen's **"Twilight on the Floods"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), 700 packed pages, a record first-printing of 100,000 copies which should sell out in Bristol alone.

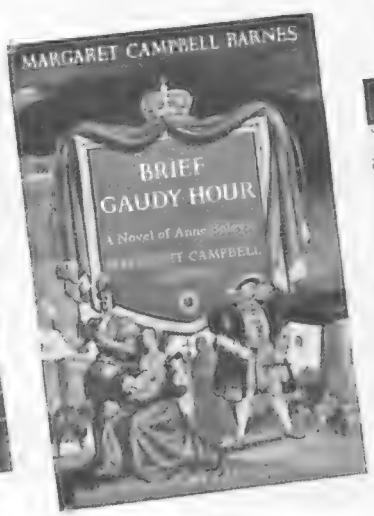
Here, again is the Flood family of *The Sun is My Undoing*, with young Johnny running off at fourteen in a ship bound for the Gold Coast and discovering that the family is by no means "all shipshape and Bristol fashion" because ancestors Matt and Hercules made most of their money out of slave-trading, not plantations, and how, then, can they put up a statue to Matt in his native Bristol? Under the shock he sees more in Negroes than just dam' niggers and becomes involved in the Ashanti rebellion.

Within this framework Miss Steen builds up a family saga whose range of scene, character and conflict is terrific. Arnold Bennett's *Milestones*, by contrast, seem more like yardsticks. The book cannot help being a best-seller.

And now, please, may I quietly sneak off to France where geniuses still write *contes* of 40,000 words instead of sagas ten times longer which compel reviewers to work overtime?







Just a Few Flowers

FLOWERS in the house seem an indispensable foil to cheerless winter, but who can afford such pleasures when the florist's bunch begins to assume such costly proportions?

The answer is, of course, to make a very few flowers go a very long way, and it *can* be done.

Take chrysanthemums, those leonine beauties; one big bloom makes a charming decoration if you cut the stem short and place it in the centre of a shallow bowl. Put twigs of russet autumn leaves on the surface of the water on either side, tucking the stems under the flower to make a floating island of colour.

Again, one white chrysanthemum can be used effectively in a wide-mouthed vase by combining it with sprays of heather. Arrange the twigs of heather to overlap the rim of the vase and place the chrysanthemum in the centre to look like a Victorian posy.

Dahlias are ideal "fillers" for the kind of vase which bulges at the middle and needs some counterbalance for its pouch. Use them on their own for the best effect, cutting the stems shorter for the rim edge than for those which are to go in the centre of the pot.

Everlasting is prettiest in a wide-mouthed vase. Criss-cross the stems, laying them round the rim at intervals. Follow with shorter stems, thrusting them between the others to fill the opening. Finally take several taller flowers of a different kind and put them between the rest: the result is a perfectly-shaped bouquet.

Criss-crossing the stems of the limper kinds of flowers is sometimes difficult, but since this is the best way to fill a vase with a limited number of blooms try this trick with a shallow bowl: Wash a suitable size potato and cut it flat on one side to make a firm base for standing. With scissors, bore holes at intervals over the surface and put flower stems in the holes. Criss-cross the stems of the remaining flowers around the rim of the bowl and then place the potato with its pincushion array of flowers in the centre to hold the other stems in place.

You can use the potato trick with other kinds of wide-neck vases, using the flowers and foliage held by the potato to fill the whole vase.

With a transparent vase, add some very short sprays of fern or foliage at the base to conceal the potato.

It is early to talk of tulips, but when spring comes round again remember that you can make a few tulips seem like twice as many if the petals of each flower are folded back.

Autumn leaves are the ideal décor for tall vases. To preserve them indefinitely iron them on the wrong side between two sheets of blotting paper. They won't need water, but dust each leaf occasionally with a damp cloth.

Don't overlook the hanging basket as an indoor decoration. Ferns growing in moss and earth make a green oasis in a room, and one or two cut flowers stuck into their midst with stems embedded in the damp earth transform a green basket into a bright bouquet.

GABRIELA BYRNE

Lace Knit Is Simple

Dress For A Two-Year-Old

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 10 needles, cast on 154 sts. Work 3 rows plain knitting. Then start the following pattern (wrong side facing).

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2 tog. * (m. 1, k. 1 3 times), m. 1. (k. 2 tog. 4 times). Repeat from * to the last 7 sts. K. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., (m. 1, k. 1 3 times).

2nd row, 3rd row, and 4th row.—K.

These four rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 12 ins. from the cast on edge, ending on last row of pattern.

MATERIALS: 3 ozs. of Munrospun Fairytex in "Sunbeam" shade.; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 2 yds. ribbon; 4 buttons; medium crochet hook

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 18 ins.; across (back and front) at underarms: 10 ins.; sleeve from top of shoulder: 5½ ins.

TENSION: 10 sts. to 1 in.

SHAPE FOR WAIST AND TOP

K. 2 tog. all along the row (77 sts.).

Next row.—*K. 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Knit 2 rows plain knitting. Now work as follows:

P. 22. Pat. 33, p. 22.

Next row.—K.

Next row.—P. 22, k. 33, p. 22.

Next row.—K.

Repeat these 4 rows for 1 in. Then cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Continue without further decrease making centre panel as before for 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 22 sts. Cast off 21 sts. Work 22 sts. Work on the last 22 sts. for 1 in., 1 row k., 1 row p. (stocking st.).

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole rows. Work to end. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row. Return to the first set of 22 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Cast on 66 sts. K. 3 rows plain knitting. Then work 2 complete rows of open pattern. (*Continued on page* 60)

Cami-Knickers In Colour

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 10 needles, cast on 26 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. Now work in pattern as follows:

1st row.—S. 1 * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—S. 1 knitwise, p. to the last st., k. 1.

3rd row.—S. 1 * k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1. Repeat from * ending k. 1.

4th row.—As 2nd. Work in this pattern, casting on 8 sts. at the beg. of every row until 122 sts.

Then cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until 144 sts. Continue in these sts. until work measures 13 ins. from the beg. measured down the side edge.

Change to No. 13 needles. Work 1½ ins. ending on 3rd row of pattern. Make a row of holes. * P. 4, m. 1, p. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Work another 1½ ins. (3 ins. of pattern in all on No. 13 needles). Change to No. 10 needles, dec. 1 st. on every 4th st. (115 sts.) and the following pattern.

1st row.—* K. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—P.

(*Continued on page* 60)

MATERIALS: 4 ozs. of La Laine Super Fingering 2-ply in Beauty Pink; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 needles; 3 buttons; 2 yds. of ½ in. ribbon; 1½ yds. of ¼ in. ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS: From lower edge to top (side seam) 23 ins. To fit a 34-in. bust measurement.

Well-Dressed Winter

A new topcoat and, perhaps, a suit will be engaging your interest now that Autumn is here. Fashion says we may have loose coats or fitted ones, but in each case collars must be large.

Harella's swing-back velour, centre, is a Utility model with a cosy collar. Their Utility suit, left, is in violet wool. Windsmoor's fitted coat, right, adds a breast-pocket effect to a big collar. Also Utility. A useful odd skirt by the same makers is in check wool and costs about £4 10s.

Write to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, enclosing a stamped envelope, if you would like to know where these models can be bought in London.

Material

FURNISHING materials have two faces. The one which shows when it catches your eye in a shop window, and the one which reveals itself when the fabric has taken its place as an integral part of the room in which it is to live.

Nothing is more disappointing, when one has spent time and a great deal of money on new curtains or covers, or both, to discover that the ultimate effect is not quite what one had hoped for.

When this happens, it is more often than not because the fabric and the décor are not happily united in colour, perspective and "mood."

As a general principle, large patterns are best suited to spacious interiors; small ones, that can only be appreciated at close quarters, must be united with intimate spaces and smaller pieces of furniture. A rosebud design is good for a small chair seat or a cottage casement, but it may lose its point at a big sash window in a lofty sitting-room.

Cottage cretonnes, enchanting in themselves, are disappointing with streamline furniture; brilliant colours are most effective when they are not permitted to crowd the scene and to douse other effects with their virility.

The part of fabrics in a room is important, but always secondary to its more permanent features, such as the architecture and the furniture. Keep this in mind and your furnishing schemes will never disappoint.

The choice of furnishing fabrics for the home market is still limited, except for lucky finds, mainly to linen, substitute linens and the several varieties of rayon—not always recognisable as such.

The fabrics shown include each of these types as well as one glazed chintz. With the exception of the latter, all are double width and well under £1 per yard. We can give you Retail Stockists of these materials on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope at this office.

(4) A Rosebank traditional design in linen, Ribbon Trellis, is of a size adaptable to casement windows or gracefully proportioned easy-chairs. 50 ins. wide. (5) Gayonne's heavy rayon has wreaths and stripes in colour on a natural groundwork. Also 50 ins. wide. (6) Rosebank's "Magnolia" rayon linen has a motif best suited to large easy-chairs or lofty windows. 50 ins. wide.

(1) A neat scroll pattern in tomato red on a natural heavy cotton ground is 50 ins. wide. (2) Cream and black on green ; a French design especially suitable for a bedcover or big window, 50 ins. wide. (3) " King's Navee " in glazed chintz. This and the two former Rosebank fabrics are obtainable in alternative combinations of colour.

Facts

Polished And Perfumed

A patina on the furniture plays an important part in building up to a well-groomed room.

A lustrous finish is not the result of haphazard applications of wax or polish. To get the best results, polish should always be applied to a clean surface. Successive applications of grease one over the other merely provide a trap for dust and dirt particles.

Occasionally the wood surface should be cleaned with a chamois leather wrung out in tepid water, to which a little vinegar has been added. This will leave the wood with a clean surface ready for the new polish.

Aim at keeping the wood as clean as possible by using polishers that are scrupulously clean. Dusters or rags already soiled and dirty from previous polishings will only smear and dull the clean surface. By using fresh applicators each time, the polish in the tin is also kept clean and free from grit.

Apply polish *thinly*. A little polish and a lot of rubbing get the best result.

The smell of newly applied polish is always refreshing, but a lavender-scented one is even more so. There is a furniture polish which functions efficiently as such and is treated with oil of lavender which leaves its own fragrance. It can be used on fine wood as well as on linoleum or wood floors.

Blueprint

Hats are "the cream on the top" of a small wardrobe. Three or four is ideal, two an irreducible minimum.

A one-and-only handbag should be good, well tailored and of medium size. Court shoes are adaptable to all outfits and all times of day.

WHEN funds limit us to a very small wardrobe, we are tempted to think that planning is superfluous. On the contrary, the more limited the wardrobe the more essential it is that it should be planned with all the precision of a blueprint.

Co-ordination is the secret of good economics and good appearances, and this can only be achieved by apportioning expenditure nicely between the main items and the accessories. One garment can look smart—and different—on a number of occasions. A suit or an odd skirt will lead a double life with varied and well-thought-out accessories.

Our blueprint has been designed to meet the needs of an average woman whose requirements are essentially practical. Evening clothes are not included.

THE first principle of a limited wardrobe is to choose each item of the best possible quality that funds permit. Good materials and good styling are sound economics by any reckoning. One really good suit will, if it is basically simple in conception, retain its character and its shapeliness long after the cheaper article has to be replaced.

Next to quality, choice of colour is important to the small wardrobe. Dark colours *are* more practical for all-purpose garments, but that need not send you rushing to black as a "safe" choice. Black can be supremely elegant or supremely dowdy. To be the former it must be good, and that too often means expensive. Moreover, it is not a "safe" colour. It is only the woman with the clearest natural colouring can wear

for a Wardrobe

Gloves must be impeccable. Have as many as possible. An umbrella is a smart accessory as well as a clothes preserver.

The rock-bottom foundation of a small wardrobe is a suit, a topcoat, and two dresses—a gay one and another for everyday. Build up on this with accessories, which include blouses and sweaters as well as hats and the smaller fry, like gloves and handbags. Alternating the pieces, changing the accessories, gives each basic garment a multiple role to play from which it is self-evident that the small wardrobe needs as much planning as a larger one.

black for safety.

Examine instead the possibilities of the slaty greens and the prunes and purple shades so favoured now. They have the virtue of blending delectably with pastel shades, and suggest many variations in accessory colours.

Make no mistake, good colours can seldom be found in the cheaper ranges of fabrics, so here is yet another reason for buying the best you can afford.

THE third rule for the small wardrobe is that elegance lies in simplicity. Simple styling, good materials and pleasing colour add up to smartness.

Now, what are the least number of garments that a basic wardrobe can contain? We think that the wardrobe illustrated is a versatile all-round one for the average woman. In our sketches we have not concerned ourselves with styling, but only with the number and type of garments required.

The topcoat (it can be loose or fitted according to choice) should be the type of garment that can be worn on every occasion, over afternoon dresses, over suits, to the office and out for the evening. The suit should be impeccably tailored, and neither too tweedy nor too dressy. It should be a style that will look equally well with a tailored blouse at the office, as with something more frivolous for a restaurant meal.

For practical day-to-day wear, a tailored wool dress can alternate with skirts and blouses. Our wardrobe contains two skirts, a soft "dressmaker" style to wear with dressy blouses under a topcoat, and a tailored one for sweaters and shirts. If you are a knitter, you can have several sweaters, but one is a minimum. Ideally blouses should not number less than three, each distinctive in itself.

The one afternoon dress must be basically simple so that it can be dressed up for more formal occasions with effective pieces of costume jewellery, a different belt or a pretty scarf.

A good selection of hats brings variety and excitement to a limited wardrobe. Nevertheless, good hats are expensive, and if the budget won't stretch to a collection, have two and those very good; one simple felt that will adapt itself to wear with the topcoat or suit and another gay affair for special occasions.

ACCESSORIES give the finishing note to every ensemble, so if there is any budget balance to spare, use it here. If you can only run to one handbag, choose a simple, well-cut model that won't easily lose its shape. A big handbag which looks well with topcoats and suits will not be smart with soft afternoon dresses, so go for the happy mean which is more adaptable.

Two pairs of gloves are a minimum, but if the budget will stretch to it, have more. Accessories must be kept in impeccable condition, and this is only possible when you can "spread the load."

This applies more particularly to shoes. Try to have at least four pairs, one pair for street wear, another for long walks, a pair of boots which save your better shoes in wet weather, and a pair of lighter, high-heeled shoes for afternoons.

WINIFRED LEWIS. 41

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

NO ornament is more effective than a pretty lamp. It has all the decorative advantages of other china and glass ornaments and something more, since it adds its special function of leaping into increased focal prominence when it is lit.

Modern lamps are attractive and, perhaps, indispensable to the strictly modern scheme of furnishing, but they lack the variety of design and often the intrinsic grace which is so characteristic of the lamps which were made before mass production had dismissed fine craftsmanship as a matter of national esteem.

Since electricity came to revolutionise domestic lighting, oil lamps have cluttered the junk shops, unwanted and despised. In our impatience with their outmoded

Current Costs

HAVING a number of lamps about the house might suggest an unwarranted disregard of the quarter's electricity bill. The cost of decorative lighting, however, need not add up to extravagance if the bulbs are distributed with regard to their wattage. A soft, low light is often more decoratively effective than a stronger light, and therefore a lower-wattage bulb is required. The lower the wattage of the bulb, the smaller the amount of current used.

When choosing bulbs for decorative rather than functional lighting, it might be helpful to bear this table of comparative consumption in mind. Actual running costs can be easily worked out by reference to the price of 1 unit of electricity in any particular district.

1 unit of electricity will :

light	1 x	40 watt	bulb for	25 hrs.
,,	1 x	60 ,,	,, ,,	16 hrs. 40 mins.
,,	1 x	75 ,,	,, ,,	13 hrs. 20 mins.
,,	1 x	100 ,,	,, ,,	10 hrs.
,,	1 x	120 ,,	,, ,,	8 hrs. 20 mins.

The Victorian vase lamp above is turquoise-blue opaque glass. The original glass shade is replaced with a flowered chintz. Left : An endearing occupant for the home ; a white Chelsea china owl perched upon a nest of water-lilies. The figure is approximately 6 ins. high without the green glass shade.

Pretty lamps are ornamental in themselves, apart from the light they shed upon the décor. Oil lamps converted to present use have character and a grace which modern ones sometimes lack.

function we have forgotten the intrinsic merit of their design and, in many cases, the beauty of the materials used in their making. Coloured glass, decorated china, and beautifully wrought metal are just a few of them.

But, as with other things, the wartime shortage of modern lamps drew the professional decorators' attention to these discarded treasures and, to-day, the oil lamp is increasingly sought after for decorative lighting.

Oil lamps are returning from their dusty banishment. Cleaned, polished and refitted for electricity they are once more respected items of our furnishing schemes.

If you are ambitious to give your home the additional ornamentation of pretty and *different* lamps, search the out-of-the-way corners of the junk shops. Many treasures are there, awaiting only a little spit-and-polish before they adorn your home.

Above : In beautifully wrought brass, a green shade lamp of German origin. The piece of characteristic Victoriana (left) is in two parts, a cut-glass reservoir fitting with a spring clip into a china candlestick.

Right : A brass bracket oil-lamp sheds light upon the decorated china on a painted dresser. Above : A square-based lamp in a cottage sitting-room still burns oil. In the picture at the top of the facing page a neo-Victorian scheme is enhanced with a converted oil-lamp of pink opaque glass which retains its original fluted glass shade.

IN SEARCH OF GLAMOUR

If a wash and a half takes the laundry a week and a half to call for and three weeks to return, how much linen do you need in the home to ensure clean sheets, pillow-cases, towels and men's shirts ? As far as I can discover, the answer appears to be twenty shirts per man, counting day and evening, and more household linen than will fit into any linen cupboard or dirty-clothes basket. Mathematics not being my strong point, I have contented myself by attempting to stock up where and when I can.

Last week I was lucky enough to find utility linen pillow-cases for the staff at approximately 5/11 each. They are the slip-on variety, without any borders, but a very nice quality; and good utility huckaback face towels with blue and red borders for about 1/- less. Good, stout, checked linen table-cloths for the kitchen were 31/6 each, which seemed to me very expensive, but although I searched the shops I could not find any cheaper. The prices of Irish linen pillow-cases with hemstitched borders seem to have leapt sky-high, and the most reasonable I could find were 52/6 a pair. I comforted myself by thinking that this was money well spent, and that in the old days I would not have been able to afford the coupons.

Jane Gordon

THIS month I have a great deal of beauty news for you. There are several new powders, new lipsticks, a new cleansing cream, barrier creams, and a new Beauty School, which are all being launched this autumn.

The newest shades of lipstick to be launched are called Pink Secret, Pink Velvet and Coral Glow. These three new shades have the lighter and more brilliant tone that will fit in well with the new season's colours. Pink Secret is for blondes and redheads, Pink Velvet for brownettes and Coral Glow for brunettes. These lipsticks are to be sold in a new popular size which costs only 4s. 11d. Another brand-new pink lipstick which has had much success in the U.S. and is now to be found over here is called Pink Queen, and a very pretty colour it is, equally good for day or evening, and for blondes or brunettes. The large size, in an elegant gilt figured case, costs 7s. 6d.; medium size, in a plastic case, 2s. 6d. The newest lip pencil looks like a luxury product, but actually costs only 2s. 6d. The colour range includes Natural for blondes or country wear, Pink Rose for blondes, Bright Red for medium colour, Cherry Red for brunettes, Dark Red and Cyclamens for evening.

A WELL-KNOWN perfumer has introduced a new range of face powders or, to be more exact, he has put new life into four of his original shades and produced two brand-new colours. The powders include Natural Peach for blondes and redheads, Rachel to give warmth to sallow complexions (this powder is also good for red-heads), Nectarine for the women with the in-between colouring, Basque, Riviera and Cuba Tan for brunettes. These powders are boxed with a special inside sealing disc which is good for packing, and prevents the powder from puffing out once you have broken the cellophane covering. The price of the powder is 2s. 6d. for travel size ; 7s. 6d. standard size.

A new cleansing cream has been introduced by another well-known firm. This is called Three Flowers, and it is claimed that the cream is free from all known ingredients which might cause an allergy, so that it can be used on the most sensitive type of complexion. For ultra-thorough cleansing you use two applications, and you will be surprised how much dirt you tissue off the second time. The price of this cream is 4s. 2d. a jar, or 2s. 11d. a tube.

Women who do their own housework will be glad to know that they can now get two barrier creams, one for dry work, such as polishing and all types of dusty housework as well as gardening, and one for wet work, such as washing-up and peeling vegetables. These barrier creams were used in industry during the war as a protective cream to fight against skin damage and dermatitis. When the cream is rubbed into the hands it forms an invisible glove which gives complete protection. After work, the cream is merely rinsed off. The dry work cream is No. 51 and the wet work cream No. 71. The price is 3s. 1d. a jar.

McKERROW.

Seen in Passing

This month Valerie Burke has searched the shops for items of personal and home comfort for the winter. For further details of any item mentioned, please write enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Comfort For The Home . . .

FIRST essential of any cosy bedroom is a warm bedside rug to mitigate the shock of getting up on a cold winter's morning. Genuine sheepskin is the obvious choice, firstly because it is warm to the touch, secondly because it comes in all the loveliest pastel shades of fawn, cedar, ivory, strawberry and terra-cotta to match the most exotic of bedroom decors. A bow shaped rug 3 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 9 in. costs £7 5s. 10d., a rectangular one 4 ft. 10 in. by 1 ft. 10 in. £8 15s. 0., larger sizes accordingly.

All those who honestly confess to a shudder at initial contact with icy sheets on a bitter night will welcome cosier sheets this winter. Some, well worth trying, are made of pure cotton but with a downy texture that enfolds you snugly. They're made in pastel colours, and are as attractive as they are warm to the touch. Incidentally, though soft in texture, they are not irritating to ultra-sensitive skins. They launder as well as other sheets and are made extra long—108 inches—to ensure a good tuck-in. Blansheets are particularly good for children's beds but they are to be recommended to all "chilly sleepers." Cot sizes are from 8s., single bed sizes from 35s. 1d., double from 45s. 11d.

A pressure cooker is the answer to the seasonal demand for hot meals at all times and at short notice. A new large size pressure cooker with a 12-pint capacity is just as simple to operate as the more familiar size. This model costs £4 5s.

Comfort For You . . .

ONE sound idea we can borrow from grandmamma is a "throw" rug. The essentials of a throw rug are that it should be lovely to look at, light yet warm in weight, large enough to tuck round the knees and yet not too large to do duty as a shawl. One stores has a particularly lovely range of throw rugs in pure Scotch Mohair in soft pastel shades of blue, pink, cream, green and primrose, checked or plain. The size is just right, 46 in. by 72 in., the price £5 17s. 6d.

Anyone who wants to be just a little different in her search for cosiness this winter, should consider a lambskin sleeveless waistcoat. Lambskin need not be the bulky fur we are accustomed to, as new processing has produced a soft, close-shaven fur called Embros Lamb. This fur tailors well for lighter garments such as waistcoats which make smart yet cosy linings under topcoats and over a skirt and jersey are ideal for golfing, hikes and casual wear about town. An Embros lamb waistcoat costs about £10.

As teeming rain is not the least of winter's miseries, sound weather-proof clothes are a must for personal comfort. Nor need they be dreary. Well-designed raincoats have already arrived and now weather-proof hats are here to wear with them. These hats, in felt, velvets or stitched fabrics are not obviously water-proof for all their guarantee, and can be worn as happily on a bright day as in the rain. They are made on the expandable principle by the skilful introduction of elastic yarn to resist their blowing off in gusty, squally weather. A charming little bonnet-shaped model in stitched woollen fabric costs 4 gns., and in view of its expected long life without losing shape or line, it is far from expensive.

White Or Grey?

WHITE or greying hair needs a clever make-up if it is to look distinguished and not merely negative. Firstly, the colour of the hair itself must be preserved. Soapless shampoos are generally speaking best, as soap, if not scrupulously rinsed away, will ultimately lead to discolouration.

Hair can be kept a clear white with blue rinses, while a deep blue tint which looks particularly attractive on the fair-skinned blue-eyed type, is just a question of using a stronger solution. Use a gunmetal rinse instead of blue, if your eyes are brown and your hair is grey.

As far as cosmetics are concerned foundation and powder should always be chosen to suit the complexion tint irrespective of the colour of the hair. Don't take it for granted that this is the same as it has always been, because minor changes occur to correspond to the colour changes of the hair.

Lipstick and rouge, however, should be chosen in relation to the hair colour. Generally speaking, soft rose colours or cyclamens are more becoming to the white haired than those lip colours with yellow in them. This is particularly true of the hair that has been tinted blue.

In the case of the grey head, choose lipstick to match the costume colours, always avoiding the extreme orange-reds which accentuate the sallowness of the skin or yellowing of the hair.

It's Bad For You

It just is not true that all the nicest things in life are bad for us, but there are many small daily habits to which we are all addicted and with which we can dispense without any serious sacrifice. Here are some of them and all guaranteed to make a healthier and more attractive person of you.

TO sleep without a window open rather than to breathe a clean atmosphere while you sleep even if it means another blanket on the bed.

. . . sit up late when there is no good reason for it. The cumulative effect of short hours of sleep are disastrous to health. Sitting up late is a habit and you can cure it.

Rounding You Off

SO much is said, and written, about the problems of the overweight, but what about the woman who seeks a few extra pounds to give her that rounded look which keeps youth alive into middle age and after?

Admittedly the problem of adding pounds is a complex one. The thin woman, more often than not, is of a highly-strung disposition. Glandular maladjustments (not serious in themselves but important in relation to poundage) have all to be considered.

Diet *is* important in the sense that the too thin person must make a careful study of *how* to eat rather than *what* to eat. With nervous temperament powers of assimilating nourishment are sometimes incomplete. This is why the thin person is often a robust feeder without anything in her appearance to show for it.

Nervous types invariably eat too quickly. Careful mastication of a small quantity of food shows better results in promoting curves than a liberal diet which, through being indifferently assimilated is doing only half a job.

If you are too thin, make it a first rule to eat slowly and deliberately. It is a habit which requires perseverance.

Constipation is another important factor. The toxins which are set up by improper elimination literally burn up flesh. Constipation is promoted by improper mastication. Slow feeding; abdominal exercises designed to tone the muscles which control the action of the bowel, added to the regular use of a mild laxative will show improvement.

Weight-gaining menus should be well balanced. A preponderance of starch increases the risk of constipation. Fats and proteins (meat, fish, eggs, cheese, milk and green vegetables) are flesh builders. Large meals of protein can be dispensed with if smaller ones are doing a complete job.

Worry takes off weight. If the "born worrier" cannot cultivate an entirely philosophical attitude to life, she can, by a determined effort, slow down the tempo of her daily routine and in the physical sense bring more composure to bear upon her activities: to walk, rather than to run; to sit, rather than to stand; to relax, rather than to fidget. It is not easy for the nervous temperament to check its more hectic propensities, but it *can* be done with benefit to the figure.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

. . . stand when you could be sitting down. This is an important hint to housewives. Many jobs about the house can be done sitting down that we normally stand up to.

. . . slouch in your seat when you sit down. This is not more comfortable. It is only slovenly and very bad for your appearance and your figure. Cultivate the habit of controlled relaxation.

. . . powder your face with a soiled puff. This is the road along which spots and open pores come with a rush.

. . . wear misshapen shoes which encourage a tendency to structural foot troubles. Run-down heels encourage weak ankles. Sloppy shoes encourage ugly broadening of the feet.

. . . dig at nails and cuticles with sharp instruments. Treat your nails like the delicate things they are if you want them beautiful.

. . . drink copiously with meals. By diluting the gastric juices which mix with the food and promote digestion you are asking for trouble.

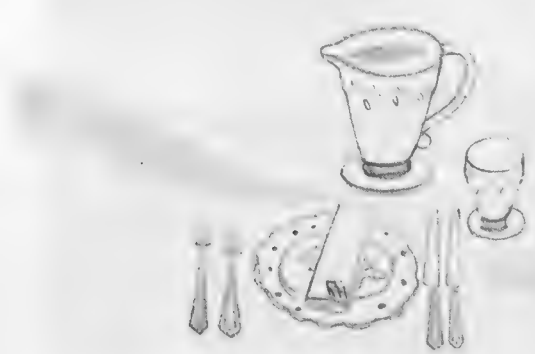
. . . read an exciting thriller or engage in heated debate just before bed if you are the excitable sort that has to woo sleep.

. . . walk with your chin thrust out as though the top half of your body had to get there before the rest. This kind of deportment is ungainly and leads to relaxing of muscles which must be strong if you are to retain a youthful figure.

. . . to go to bed without removing every trace of skinfood. Excess cream will not be absorbed and will prevent the skin breathing freely during sleep.

. . . to linger too long in bed in the morning. By all means, give yourself a few minutes between waking and getting up, but don't leave it so long that you start the day feeling flustered and anxious about time.

. . . to wear hats that are too tight. The health of the hair depends on a good circulation more than any other thing. Tight-fitting hats tend to restrict the circulation and the hair roots are starved with inevitable results.



AS Autumn comes our minds begin to turn towards foods which are both hot and sustaining. With these first chilly evenings there is no more delicious foundation to the evening meal than a really good soup. They need not be the solid meat or cereal soup which make such good winter fare but the lighter cream and vegetable soups. It is here that we can gain much help by enlisting recipes from abroad. The ordinary well-known routine of vegetable soups soon becomes monotonous but with recipes from the continent, where soup making is a real art, we find just that touch of imagination, which adds a soupçon of the unexpected and turns a plain soup into something special.

French Potato Soup

First let us go as far away as Russia and Poland for two excellent recipes.

RUSSIAN FISH SOUP (Oukha)

Take about 6 oz. of carrots and leeks mixed and 4 oz. of turnips; prepare in usual way and dice. Bring to the boil in a quart of salted water, add a bouquet of herbs in a muslin bag, 4 peppercorns, 1 clove and tiny pinch of mace if liked, and one bay leaf—simmer for about an hour. Add about 1½ lb. of cod or haddock cut in small slices and free from bone, if head is with fish put in also. Simmer about 15 minutes till fish is cooked. Stir in 1 oz. margarine, remove head, serve very hot.

POLISH BEETROOT SOUP (Barstch)

Prepare 2½ pints of clear stock which has been made with vegetables such as 1 small savoy, a turnip, small head celery. Add to stock 1 lb. finely chopped beetroot, previously cooked in the oven, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil for about 5 minutes. Strain through sieve and serve. Put desertspoonful of sour milk in each plate before pouring in the soup.

Quite a good clear stock which can be quickly made if you have no consomme available, thus :

Peel onion. Cut in 4 and stick a clove in one piece; scrape a carrot and stick of celery and cut up. Put all into a quart of water, add salt and small bunch herbs. Simmer 20 minutes. Dissolve a teaspoonful gelatine in a little hot stock and stir this, and a teaspoonful of meat extract into pan of stock. Bring to boil and simmer a few minutes. Strain through sieve and when cold remove any scum.

Now two good French soups. Gruyere Cheese being off ration, this tasty nourishing soup is now possible to make.

CHEESE SOUP

Ingredients: 1 pint milk and water mixed; 1 small onion or 2 shallots; 1 bay leaf; seasoning; ¾ oz. margarine; 2 oz. Gruyere cheese; ¾ oz. cornflour.

Bring milk to boil. Add onion, peeled, and shredded finely, and fried till golden in margarine. Make a paste with cornflour and a little cold water. Pour some boiling milk on gradually, stirring into smooth cream. Pour back into pan and stir in well. Add bay leaf, boil, stirring continually 15 minutes. Add cheese, grated, season well and add a pinch of grated nutmeg. Bring to boil and serve with croutons of fried bread.

FRENCH POTATO SOUP

Ingredients: 2 large potatoes; bunch water cress; 1 leek; 1 pint water; milk; seasoning; ½ oz. margarine.

Peel potatoes and slice thickly. Scrape and chop leek. Wash and remove leaves from water cress, setting aside a few sprigs for garnish. Tie stalks in a bundle. Put all except leaves in a pan with water. Boil quickly uncovered till potato is soft and mixing with liquid. Crush it into soup with wooden spoon; cook a little longer, beating into a puree. Add water cress leaves, margarine and enough milk to make creamy soup. Season well. Heat without boiling. Serve in cups garnished with sprigs of water cress. When water cress is not available (*Continued on page 62*)

Quince and Apple Sauce Slices

The Cause of the Collapse

A NUMBER of quite small details may cause the collapse of a cake, and it is specially apt to happen with sponge mixtures. A common fault is the cake sinking in the middle.

This may be due to inexactitude over ingredients, too little flour or the wrong proportions of fat and sugar or too much baking powder. It may be due to moving the cake or opening the oven door before the cake has risen or it may be in the cooking; too low an oven or not being cooked long enough.

If a sponge is cooked the depression made by lightly pressing finger on top disappears at once.

In the case of sponge the cake should stay in tin a few minutes before turning out.

Tunnels running through the mixture are another danger. These are caused by too much flour, too hot oven, too much bicarbonate of soda, cream of tartar or if used syrup and sour milk.

Pear Souvenir

Fruit Puddings

AUTUMN is not an easy time for making fruit puddings. The summer fruits are all over and it is early to make inroads on fruits bottled for winter. Even as late as October however we can avoid monotony by combining our few fruits with other things.

Quince is an excellent fruit for adding flavour to apples or pears. It is useful to have bottled quinces and quince jam by one in the winter. Quite a good autumnal fruit salad can be made with a foundation of quince juice or orange squash and the addition of apples, late pears, grapes and if available oranges. The following recipes aim at introducing a little extra flavour and novelty to our autumnal fruit fare.

PEAR SOUVENIR

Ingredients: 1 pint lemon jelly; 1 small madeira cake; 2 pears; fresh or stewed; ½ oz. gelatine; 1 pint custard; 1 tablespoonful sherry; about ¼ lb. black grapes.

Rub round a soufflé dish or pudding basin with oil and rinse in cold water. Line bottom of dish with a layer of jelly. When jelly is nearly set arrange fingers of cake and slices of pear round the edge. Make pears stick by spreading jam on sides of sponge fingers and wedging pears between. Make 1 pint of thick custard flavoured with sherry. Mix in ½ oz. gelatine and a gill of jelly. When cool and thick pour custard into prepared mould being careful not to disarrange border. When set turn out. Decorate with mock cream and grapes and surround with remaining jelly, chopped.

QUINCE AND APPLE CHARLOTTE

Ingredients: 2 lb. of apples and quinces mixed (rather more apples than quince); 4 oz. brown sugar; rind of 1 lemon, 1 oz. margarine; tablespoonful golden syrup.

Peel and core fruit; put straight into cold water as both go brown otherwise. Boil gently with sugar and very little water. Make a thick puree of fruit. Add lemon rind grated. Cover bottom of a greased pie dish with thin fingers of bread dipped in ½ oz. melted margarine. Line sides with similar fingers. Fill the middle with fruit. Cover top with breadcrumbs and a tablespoonful melted golden syrup to which ½ oz. margarine has been added. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 350° F.

QUINCE AND APPLE SAUCE SLICES

Ingredients: ½ lb. flakey pastry; 4 oz. sugar; 4 oz. icing sugar; apple and quince puree; walnut margarine; glacé cherries and angelica.

Take about 1 lb. of fruit and prepare puree as for charlotte. Beat in margarine and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Leave puree to cool having strained away any remaining moisture. Make flakey pastry with 8 oz. flour and 5 oz. fat. Roll out thinly and cut 2 long strips about 4½ inches wide. Lay on greased baking tray and cook in quick oven, Regulo 9 or 500° F. about 10–15 minutes. When cold, ice one strip with water icing and cut both strips into slices about 2 inches wide. Sandwich with apple and quince spread—decorate with glacé cherries and angelica.

(*Continued on page 62*)

FACTS AND FURS

ONE of the nicer things which have happened in a quiet way of late is that attractive fur coats have come nearer within the scope of average pockets.

A few months back some new types of furs were included in the Lower Tax Category, with the result that, overnight, coats which had been just beautiful dreams for many of us had slid gracefully down into the realms of possibility.

Even furs to which the Government have not yet seen fit to concede this welcome tax concession, have recently shown spectacular price drops due to adjustments in the International market for furs. To-day you can, if your bank balance agrees, buy a fur coat for one hundred and eighty-five pounds which twelve months ago would have set you back two hundred and eighty.

Nevertheless such prices are still unrealistic to strained budgets and most of us contemplating a new fur coat this winter will be thinking in terms of Utility at thirty-seven pounds.

Allowing that this is the price most acceptable to your pocket what furs are there at the Utility price and what are the special recommendations of each?

To take the whole range, there is beaver lamb, bronze and blue-black moleskin; dyed pony skin; marmot and dyed squirrel lock.

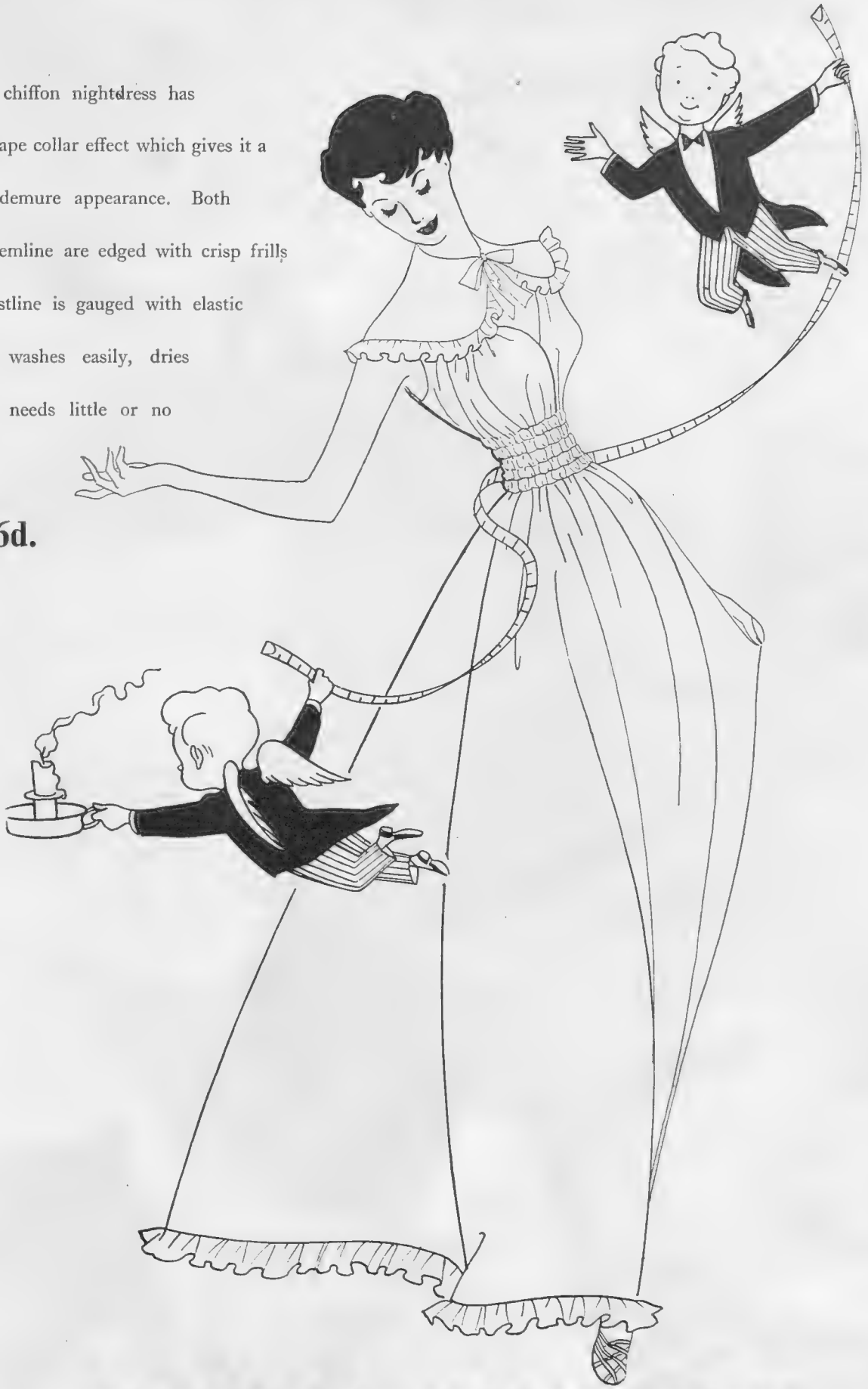
Of these, beaver lamb and pony skin share the honours for hard wearing qualities without sacrificing good appearances to practicability.

The characteristics of beaver lamb are too well known to need repetition but pony skin needs a special word because it is less familiar. This short-haired fur has acquired a new elegance and, under the influence of the modern furrier's skill, has become softly pliant, lustrous and as light in weight as most of its competitors of similar price. One of the most attractive Utility coats of the season is a brown pony skin with ample collar and cuffs of beaver lamb.

Moleskin and squirrel lock are the glamour girls of the Utility furs so far as (*Continued on page* 68)

This nylon chiffon nightdress has an unusual cape collar effect which gives it a charmingly demure appearance. Both collar and hemline are edged with crisp frills and the waistline is gauged with elastic thread. It washes easily, dries quickly and needs little or no ironing.

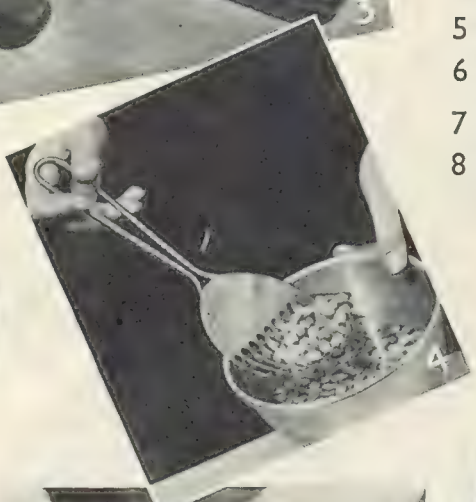
Price **72/6d.**

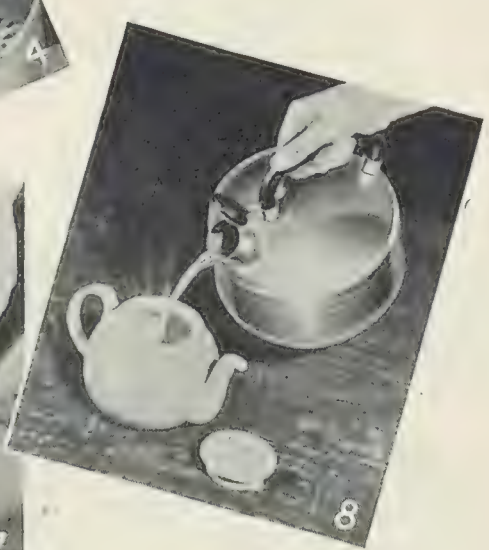


made from BNS Nylon *by* **KAYSER BONDOR**

Common-Sense Assistance

The thousand and one small chores which make up the kitchen routine can be considerably lightened by the right tools for the job. A well equipped rack of kitchen gadgets saves valuable time and wear and tear of the temper. Good kitchen gadgets, sturdily constructed to withstand hard wear and pleasing in design are an investment in common-sense assistance. Here is a selection from latest additions to the range of kitchen equipment. If you would like further details of any of the items, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.





1 The Tapmaster, a combined spray and anti-splash tap fitment. Price 2s. 6d.

2 Pan-fix Hotplate, to drain and keep fries warm while other cooking is in progress. To fit any size frying pan, price 2s. 11d.

3 A handsome set of hollow-ground stainless steel knives for every household cutting need. Paring knife 5s. 3d.; utility knife 6s. 3d.; slicer 11s. 3d.; carving knife 12s. 3d.; steak knife 11s. 3d.; French cook's knife 12s. 3d. With rose wood or hard black rubber handles.

4 "Kitchamajig," a versatile gadget which strains, whips or mixes. Price 1s. 6d.

5 Plate-scraper in white rubber 1s.

6 "Bottle-boy," a combined corkscrew, press-cap and lid opener. Price 10d.

7 A left-handed potato peeler, price 1s.

8 Prestig, a one-finger action, trigger-lid whistling kettle. In aluminium 4½ pint size 17s. 6d.; in copper 29s. 6d.

Warm and charming
for tea-time in the spacious drawing room
of a Georgian mansion

Five-o'clock-and-later shoes

Peep-toe black

Ankle-strap by Turner in black suede with narrow patent leather piping

Peep-toe blue

Midnight-blue suede Turner shoe with sling back and high slim heel

Peep-less black

Black calf court shoe by Turner with punched suede vamp

Velvet is top choice for the 'little dress' this season, often with a small matching velvet hat. Dresses are slightly shorter ' still retain snug waists and important collars and hipline od colours for Autumn-and-onwards are black, deep blue, a fly green and copper.

Lilley & Skinner

LONDON'S SHOE RENDEZVOUS

The shoes shown here can be seen at the Pompadour Room, Stratford Place, W.1

Every Inch Of Space

MUCH needed room is sometimes wasted in clothes cupboards for the want of some simple carpentry fittings which bring every available inch of space into practical use.

Space at the top and bottom of the cupbo . often left unused when an extra shelf might bring it into goo for those hats, shoes and accessories for which it is sometimes t to find a home.

The cupboard illustrated has been prettily lined with striped wall-paper and has a panel of mirror glass inside the door with a striplight above it to make up for the lack of a dressing-mirror in the room.

When the cupboard is lofty enough space at the bottom can be utilized for a box drawer on casters (diagram A) which, if you are lucky enough to have a carpenter on hand, is quite simply constructed from plywood or even Beaver board. The one illustrated has been faced and lined with striped paper to match the cupboard lining. Blankets, bed linen or summer clothes which are temporarily laid aside can be easily reached for occasional inspection in this useful gadget.

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(Plus P. Tax) (Plus P. Tax)

VACTRIC LTD. (Dept. E.V.)
NEWHOUSE, MOTHERWELL, SCOTLAND

The Gentleman Under The Tree

(*Continued from page* 12)

torpedoed in a hospital ship. That might well account for a man of over forty trying to fill the emptiness in his life as if he had been in his twenties.

Mrs. Gittins had only been a small girl, but she remembered a lot about him. "It was him swum the river in his tail coat. Something to do with the parson's daughter. But they all ran after him, my mum said."

"I'd better keep an eye on him, even now," Barbara said.

"If," a voice said behind her, "you're talking about Chris, I wouldn't even try. It'd be no good. How's your nice brother, my dear child?"

"Good morning, my lady," Mrs. Gittins said.

"Hello, Agatha," Barbara said. "Of course you'd remember the old gentleman I seem to have adopted." Barbara got on well with Lady Ringmore, the widowed queen of the village, because she stood no nonsense from her.

"No impertinence from you, my girl." Still talking she steered Barbara out of the shop. "I do *just* remember him. I was hardly out. What was I? Eighteen. I was at school with his daughters. How he used to shock them! Tell me, did he ever marry again?"

"I don't think so. He lives with one daughter."

"Serve him right. I wonder which of the little prigs." She laughed. "Poor old boy, he must be well over seventy. I'm an old hen now and I'd only just put my hair up. It fell down at every party. But if he'd like to come over to tea one day with you I'd be glad to hear about the girls."

WHEN Barbara told Christmas about the invitation he looked rather shy, almost unhappy. "How defenceless we are when we get old! I always used to refuse to go to tea-parties."

"But you mustn't refuse now. Agatha has cows and her own butter."

"Of course that makes a difference. I'm very greedy. For years I've dreamed of owning a cow." And he was not joking. He was laughing at himself a little: but he was shameless about his love of good living.

Even so he was still shy about going to the tea-party, and took a long time getting ready. He had one foot already in the car when he said: "Will she have a room full of women who were kids when I was still a man?"

"It's not a tea-party. It's only us. Her daughter might be there."

"Daughter? I'd never thought of Tuppence having a daughter. What's she like?"

"Suppose it had been a big tea party, were you going to address Agatha, Lady Ringmore as Tuppence?"

The smile came back. "She told me her name was Tuppence the first time we met. She was in her bath. She was old enough to know what name she liked. Quite four."

Barbara kept her eyes on the road. Chris, Tuppence. And why had Agatha come into the paper-shop except to talk about him?

In the drive up to the house they passed Agatha's daughter with her baby in a pram. Barbara saw old Christmas look at her hard, and beyond her to something no one else could see.

"Is she like her mother was?" Barbara asked; and the unusual shy restraint went out of his manner. "Very like. That's why I stared so. It was like seeing one's own youth. But she hasn't got the glow Tuppence had, or her breedy walk." Which was as near an admission of a sentimental memory as a tactful old gentleman could be expected to go.

When they met it was quite clear, and quite touching. Neither had said anything to claim that the other might not have forgotten. Together again neither put up the defences most people need against the friends they've not seen for thirty years, until they are sure that the poet has not taken the postage-stamps or the girl with a laugh not taken to corgies and spiritualism. They looked at each other and knew.

Christmas had probably cultivated that look of not too serious admiration in his twenties and taken care never to lose the knack. But Agatha, fiftyish and comfortably fat, immensely distinguished, and often a little dictatorial, with a yard of pearls round her neck and a habit of shocking her devoted rural dean—Agatha stood for Christmas to look at her; and Barbara could imagine her at eighteen, with the glow and the breedy walk, and hair in danger of slipping down, waiting to be told that her nose wasn't shiny.

"I didn't ask a crowd," she said. "Will you mind?" No suggestion that he was old and had been ill and that a crowd might be bad for him.

"I still don't go to tea-parties." And his smile seemed to add, "But I broke my rule for you."

"Good. And can you still make people let you not do what you don't like?"

"Good gracious, no. This girl Barbara sends me to bed at half past nine with Ovaltine. But her nieces are on my side."

"They would be. Chris, how do you satisfy all your girl-friends under eight since sweets were rationed?"

"I don't. They starve, but hope. I make convincing promises."

"I'd hold you to them."

"At that age, my dear Tuppence, you did."

"Oh, tea I think, after that. If you die of the scones, I made them."

They were very good scones. It was a very good tea-party. Barbara was not left out of it, though Agatha and Christmas seldom stopped talking. Sensing the old affection between them she had felt that she was intruding. But they were so unselfconscious that they made her feel welcome to share in all they remembered.

"Beautiful scones. But of course, I taught her to cook," Christmas said.

"I can't believe that," Barbara said.

But apparently it was true. He had been a great organizer of river picnics and a master cook on a fire of wood ash. Steaks or thick rashers of ham on a clean pointed willow stick over the glowing charcoal: a spirit-clear flame dancing up to the meat as the fat dripped: the perfect grill. Trout still wet from the river wrapped in a few thicknesses of soaked newspaper and baked in the embers. Mushrooms picked and peeled straight into the pan.

"And we didn't take canned music with us," he said. "We sang our own silly songs."

Barbara was thinking what a delightful father he must have been, taking his daughters and their young friends out to learn the art of enjoyment when Agatha said: "Chris, do you remember the peach-party?"

"I was always a kind man. I forgot it at once." Agatha turned to Barbara. "Chris had given me the money to buy two peaches for our lunch because he wasn't going to have time: and I was a martyr to greed. I ate mine as soon as I was out of the shop. And then while I was waiting where he used to bring the boat to pick me up I ate his."

Barbara laughed, and tried not to look surprised as she realized that the happiness of those picnics had been created and shared by a girl of eighteen and a widower in his forties, with nobody else in the party. And they could meet like this thirty years afterwards and recreate the fun. Barbara was touched and a little envious. She was glad when Agatha's daughter came in and took her off to see the baby and gave her a chance to leave them alone.

After that things moved. Not fast because neither Agatha nor Christmas was of an age for hurry: but with surety and style, because Agatha knew what she wanted and Christmas was enjoying himself. She took to calling for him in her pony-trap most afternoons, and within a few days was making him do the driving.

"He had the best hands I ever saw, riding or driving," she told Barbara. "He still has." Which was an exaggeration perhaps, because Agatha's pony didn't need a driver at all: it had one steady pace (*Continued on page* 58)

"Home" *to us...* "Hem" *to them*

In furnishing their timber houses and modern flats, the people of Sweden show a fine sense of colour harmony; you will often find "Rosebank" fabrics adding colour and beauty to these northern interiors. While export must come first, there are still some lovely "Rosebank" patterns to grace your home.

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THE OVEN The heat is controlled automatically by the patent MAINSTAT so that food is cooked without attention and with less gas. The oven fittings can be lifted out for quick easy cleaning.

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For a dozen reasons, women who use Tampax bless the doctor who invented it! It's so simple to use, so quick and convenient, so *safe*. It's more hygienic, more comfortable. Yes, Tampax is protection in its daintiest, neatest, most complete and perfect form. And the two absorbency sizes cater for *all* needs! Available in packets of 10 and packets of 40 (*4 months' average supply*).

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Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

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and no tricks. But it was the exaggeration of a big-hearted woman falling attractively and without girlishness in love again. For a little while Barbara was anxious about his heart: after all she had nursed him when he was nearly dead. But she learned quickly. Her care might have kept old Christmas alive; Agatha, who took no obvious care of him at all, made him feel alive. Barbara was almost afraid of his lapsing into the ways of many silly old men and thinking that he was much younger than the years allowed, but there was no danger of that.

One morning he came to Barbara in her kitchen and said: "My dear, this time I must really go."

This time she didn't ask why, and he went on: "I'm a very old man and no asset to anybody. I'm in danger of playing on sympathy and accepting pity. I've been very happy here. I think now is the time to end it as gracefully as possible."

"Must you?"

"You're a clear-sighted girl. You've realized that long ago I was in love with Tuppence. It was crazy, but I still think it was a beautiful idea. I'd come back from the war to no wife and a couple of kids to bring up. Can you imagine my marrying a supergoverness to look after my daughters? And here was young Tuppence, grown lovely in those four years, and such fun. But she was nearly twenty-five years younger than I was.

"Still I'd always take a long shot. After a couple of years I asked her to marry me, under that tree where I nearly passed out like a sentimental old fool. But she was afraid of the difference between us. She said I was too old. So what could I do after that but go away and not make things hard for her? It turned out well: she's had a happy life. I think I should go away again now."

Barbara consulted Tudor when he came in to lunch. But Tudor only laughed. "The artful old ruffian. He's going to force Agatha to lean back on the excuse that it's Leap Year and ask him herself. Thank goodness my faith in his low calculations was right. I was beginning to believe he was just a nice old dodderer."

"Cynic. Perfectly revolting cynic."

"Nonsense. I respect the old boy's brain. So would you, except that you're a bit in love with him too. But it won't help you: you can't stand up to Agatha."

No one could stand up to Agatha. Not even Christmas, though he made a very good show of trying to go home. If he was as calculating as Tudor believed, his sense of timing when to give in was perfect. He kept up the story for four days.

"And many a man," Agatha said to Barbara, "has been taken at his word and allowed to go where he liked for much less than that. You know, Barbara, he's an impossible man. He always was. When I'd more or less grovelled to him and said: 'I said "No" once, but if you think we shouldn't bore each other I'd like to be given a chance to say "Yes,"' he looked at me as if I were hardly grown-up and said 'But of course darling. Any girl worth having is allowed thirty years to make her mind up'."

"I'm so glad for you both," Barbara said.

"Truly? You don't think I'm a silly old woman? I loved him quite madly. But I was a fool and frightened of his growing old. When you're twenty fifty seems a terrible age. But, you know, it's not so bad except that some of us grow a terrible shape."

"I'm only sorry for you both that you missed so much."

"Missed? Oh——" The queen of the village dropped thirty years with a beautiful laugh. A reminiscent hand went up to her beautifully dressed hair. "It was only of his growing old that I was afraid," she said, very tenderly for Agatha. "My dear, I'd have died——." And for the first time in her life Barbara saw her blush.

END

The Gentleman Under The Tree

The Midinettes Of Paris

(*Continued from page* 14)

Worth had opened in the Rue de la Paix, and now other names destined for fame, followed to the same area. One effort was that the sewing-girls were shifted from their workrooms in the outer faubourgs, and submitted to the new temptations of the central boulevards. Soon the newly-christened midinettes were no longer so humbly clothed. True, they were still looked upon as a lowly type by the boulevardiers and young bloods of the day, but at least one could be seen with them in some little restaurant in a back street—up at Montmartre or in the Temple.

And Mimi had to commence explaining to mother and grandmother just how she had managed to come by this dress, that hat, those shoes, on her so slender wage.

"I trust, my daughter, that you have not being doing anything of which you would be ashamed on your marriage day."

"Mother, I tell you it is the *patron* who helps us to be better dressed so as to attract more clients!"

Even in the days leading to 1914, many midinettes earned no more than twelve or fifteen shillings a week. I remember going to the Neuilly Fair with one, in 1913, and she earned twenty francs, then 17s., equal to £2 10s. to-day. For this she worked ten hours a day for five days a week, with a half-day on Saturdays; fifty-five hours a week.

In those days one went to the Tuileries Gardens in the noon-day hour to make the aquaintance of midinettes in order to improve one's French. And a rousing time was had by all, I recall, at the Neuilly Fair, which turned out to be a regular annual sortie for the midinettes. Mine lost no time in forming a mixed party of six or eight, in the manner of her tribe. Dresses were to the ankle. hats floppy, waists still corsetted. We stood unknowingly on the threshold of the great female dress emancipation of skirts to the knees, cloche hats, and waists as free and easy as any sailor could wish.

There is no doubt as to when the midinettes got their next real advancement. The early twenties. It was now that the showing of seasonal *collections* became transformed into flamboyant show business. American and English women were mainly angled for, and a Poiret could afford to give an all-night champagne garden party with ballet, off the Champs-Elysees, as a means of pushing his wares. These dress houses became "news."

There are four principal grades inside a fashion house: designers, mannequins, salesgirls, and seamstresses.

The mannequins can, without a doubt, take their choice of the banking accounts.

The *vendeuse* or salesgirl considers herself a step above the sewing-girl. While lacking the latter's craftsmanship, she is more presentable, educated. She is able to keep her hands untarnished, important matter in the eyes of male Parisians. The *vendeuse* also has *savoir faire* by the nature of her job.

A midinette with her head screwed on properly can keep three males on a string: her sugar daddy, her *ami de coeur*, and her *ami serieux*. The last is the fellow who draws our sympathy as he waits to lead the lady to the altar, or before the mayor, the while the *ami de coeur* takes her out each Saturday evening. That is the great time for midinettes *Samedi soir! Le porto, le repas, le dancing, le cheri.*

There comes a day, however, when even the most carefree girl must perforce give a thought to marriage: the Sainte Catherine each November. This is the patron saint of spinsters, and twenty-five is considered the age when a girl employed in the big fashion houses joins the Catherinettes if she hasn't yet married. The Catherinettes are the heroines of the day, being given presents, and wined and fêted by the other girls, some of whom are not without a touch of malice.

In the afternoon the girls invade the boulevards, wearing paper hats, and legend says that at close (*Continued on page* 60)

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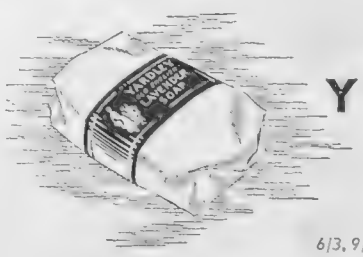

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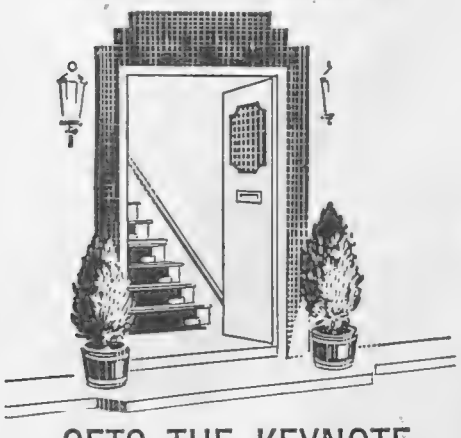

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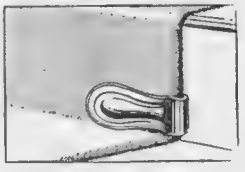

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STAIR CARPET HOLDERS

of day a new Catherinette is more susceptible to wooing than normally.

Near the surface of public sympathy for the seamstresses was the thought of their getting a shilling an hour for working on the most beautiful clothes selling at anything up to £300. Yet tax takes sixty per cent of the price, and materials and salesmanship cost more and more—especially when princesses are employed as public relations officers. In any case, the midinettes are not really so badly off as that cry from "a dark-haired Lanvin girl" in the midst of the strike may have suggested. Waving her pay envelope with £5 10s. for two weeks' work she shouted: "I've got to support my mother with that!"

The girls graduate through five stages—apprentices, little hands, second hands, first hands, felling hands. The two last are expert seamstresses who can be trusted to turn a collar and do other important and intricate jobs. A few graduate to be forewomen, those strict ladies who rule as *chefs d'atelier* in the stuffy, whitewashed, upstairs workrooms, ever observant of the needlewomen as they work in their white overalls, surrounded by lovely clothes in racks lining the walls. Once they sang as they sewed, but that is now out, and even talk has to be pitched in a low key.

The benjamines are aged thirteen or fourteen and get even less than £2 a week, yet theirs is hardly an exacting job: picking up pins off the floor, running errands, tidying up materials and doing the score of jobs that come to hand in a big workroom. Incidentally, the pin retrieving is done with the aid of magnets. These little girls are closely looked after by their seniors who think that sixteen or seventeen is quite early enough to have an *ami—"même innocent."*

One form of midinette or another is responsible for the entire work of every garment, since ninety per cent of the work in the great Paris dress houses is done by hand. The sewing-machine is as good as unheard in the land. Hence the reason why a strike can hold up nearly all the work of turning designs on paper into finished clothes. This was thoroughly well known to the strike fomenters, who arranged that the blow should fall on the very eve of the autumn shows for the big foreign buyers, when millions of pounds were at stake, indeed, the next six months' work in France's best-known industry.

Some of the midinettes had been "communized" by their boy friends. Handsome young members of the Party were even told

The Midinettes Of Paris

off to make relations with the midinettes with a view to captivating them . . . for Party purposes. Thus was Mimi, vintage 1949, drawn into the unfolding of cold war. The hand of the skilled propagandist had been at work on those strike handbills which proclaimed: "You clothe glamorous film stars and princesses in £300 gowns. You do a wonderful job for a ridiculous wage!"

The girls struck for 3½d. an hour more, three weeks paid holiday, and a holiday bonus. The upshot was that they got increases "under the counter" and were also bribed back to work by the offer of clothes. There was always the risk that they might reveal secrets of the new styles before these were launched. Fashion spies would be glad to offer £100 and more for such advance information. It was even bruited that some girls did part with secrets, and that Communist Party funds benefited thereby. Fancy any such complication in Murger's day!

Underpaid, or not, the midinettes have one big advantage, as members of the female sex. In the big dressmaking houses where they work they learn style and how to dress, and in their off time make pretty clothes for themselves. This sends their stock up with men friends in a city where chic is half the battle, and improves matrimonial chances while bringing much incidental pleasure meanwhile.

When midinettes marry, some houses give them a trousseau. Dior even gives the first baby a layette.

Again, many midinettes now enjoy the elbow-room of the Champs-Elysees neighbourhood instead of being cooped up in the Rivoli quarter. I reckon that nine of the fifteen leading fashion houses are now installed near the Elysian Way, most of them on the Seine side.

This means that a goodly proportion of midinettes now come out in the Champs-Elysees quarter—though not at noon, but later, nor yet munching a "dinette." Where the girls haven't got canteens, most of them can afford a small meal in a small restuarant. In the canteens they pay according to wages for four-course lunches. The same meal will cost an apprentice 9d., a mannequin 2s., and a designer 3s.

In fact, soon the Academy will be justified in ruling out "midinette" as no longer applicable.

END

Cami-Knickers In Colour

(*Continued from page* 36)

3rd to 6th rows.—Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th row.—K. 1, p. 1. * K. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

8th row.—P.

9th to 12th rows.—Repeat 7th and 8th rows twice.

These 12 rows form pattern.

Continue in this pattern for 5 ins. ending on the 12th row of pattern. (Inc. one st.) Now work 1 in. of main open lace pattern. Cast off loosely.

Work another piece the same for front.

TO MAKE UP

Press back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet round the lower edge of each leg. Work 2 rows round the top. Now work round each leg and top as follows: * 3 double crochet into first 3 double crochet, 3 CH, 1 DC into the last DC. Repeat from * all round. Thread ribbon through pattern at waist and also through pattern at top. Sew on shoulder ribbons. Sew buttons and loops on under straps.

END

Dress For A Two-Year-Old

(*Continued from page* 36)

Next row.—* K. 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Work 3 rows plain knitting.

* Then work 22 sts. P.; 22 sts. pat. 22 sts. p.

Next row.—K.

Next row.—P. 22, k. 22, p. 22.

Next row.—K.

Repeat from * for 1 in. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece on the wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side seams, sew shoulder seams ½ in. from the armhole edge. Sew sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. With medium size crochet, hook work 2 rows d.c. each side of shoulder. Work 2 rows round front of neck. Work 4 rows round back. Make 2 button loops each side of front of shoulders. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through holes at waist and sleeves.

ABBREVIATIONS: *K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; m. = make; s. = slip.*

END

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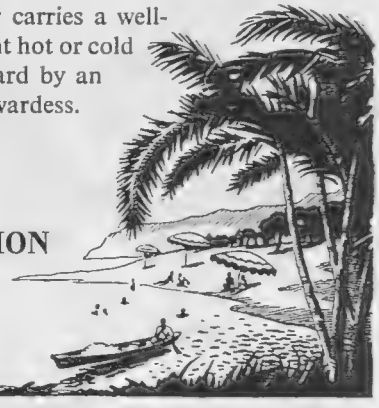

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Greenland's Floating Mountains

(*Continued from page* 16)

disastrous iceberg collision. The North Atlantic and the sub-polar regions produce a regular crop of icebergs which break away from the great frozen ice-mass of the Arctic circle. Every year some three or four hundred bergs are spotted. In an exceptional year there may be as many as a thousand.

Just what is an iceberg? Strictly speaking it is a bit of the frozen ice-mass which forms the dense polar caps on the far northern and southern portions of the globe. Great chunks of this solid ice are constantly breaking away without melting in any way. They float and drift out into slightly warmer waters, but as they contain such a huge volume of hard ice it may be years before they finally melt and vanish. Many lesser bergs disappear before they are scattered, but those that originate from glaciers of western Greenland may travel some 1,800 miles for two or three years before they enter the shipping lanes of the Grand Banks—and form a menace.

The largest iceberg ever recorded was seen by a grain ship in 1860. It was 53 miles long in one direction of its marked L-shape, and 30 miles along the other arm. Another berg spotted in 1893 was over 50 miles long, and one end of it could not be seen from the other. Such bergs are literally ice-islands, floating along in a deadly silence and without any trace of visible sea-roll, so heavy are they. They continually split and break up, breaking their silent approach with ominous cracking and thundering. When parts of a large iceberg break off they often capsize and new portions rear up out of the water.

There is great beauty in almost all bergs. All northern bergs consist of the glacier-type form of ice, which is not clear and translucent but full of minute bubbles. These cause it to be hard, shiny and intensely white, with an appearance rather like porcelain enamel. No bergs are smooth in surface, however. As the sun or shadows alternately fall on parts of them, they continually expand and contract and numerous cracks and crevices form all over their surface. Some bergs resemble mountain peaks, others great precipitous walls of ice. Nearly all of them rise to some sort of peak, occasionally into a set of turrets or pinnacles.

The amount of solid ice in even a small berg confounds the imagination. Perry and Ross, the well-known Arctic explorers, once calculated that a berg some 2½ miles long with an average height of only 150 feet, would contain at least 1,500 million tons of ice!

Icebergs originating from the same ice-mass may drift away in fleets. As the larger ones continually break up through weathering and warmer conditions, these fleets tend to grow in size until they start to disappear in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream. Even the most strongly-built steel ship stands no chance whatever if it runs into the spear-pointed edge of a great berg, while a vessel travelling at fair speed may damage itself irreparably if it steams head on into even the flat side of an unseen berg.

Alternating changes in internal tension loosen large pieces of ice which avalanche down into the water where they float and become a great nuisance on their own account. The smaller pieces, known as "brash," may get frozen together into a tough floe, while the larger sections, termed "growlers," may act like miniature icebergs. Being too small to be easily seen at night or in rough weather they are liable to be missed, yet they can rip open a steel hull with ease. But the worst feature of a berg is its "foot," or protruding arm of ice below the waterline, where weathering on the surface has worn away the visible, vertical ice. The *Titanic* was sunk by such a "foot."

Travelling swiftly and unpredictably at the mercy of winds and currents, icebergs are the greatest menace to shipping that has not been satisfactorily met in modern times.

Nowadays radar provides a sure method of detection, especially in foggy weather or at night, but it is still only supplementary to vigilant visual spotting. The International Ice Patrol, formed by several maritime nations after the loss of the *Titanic*, works to-day in conjunction with British anchored weather-ships and U.S. and Canadian Coast Guard vessels in detecting bergs and warning sea traffic of their position and likely course. The regular winter ice patrol sees that no potential menace is overlooked, but with all these precautions there is always the chance that a large and dangerous berg will change course or move unexpectedly. Aircraft are now being increasingly used to spot such movements. Commercial vessels are also asked, wherever practicable, to report on ice seen, every four hours they are in the danger area.

With all these safeguards only constant vigilance and a realization that sometimes nature is all-powerful keep shipping safe and unharmed by these icy miracles.

END

Fruit Puddings

(*Continued from page* 49)

APPLE CHEESE TRIANGLES

An attractive variation of apple pastries or puffs is to flavour the pastry either flakey or short crust, with grated cheese. For short crust use 8 oz. flour, 2 oz. fat and 2 oz. grated cheese. Roll out about ¼ of an inch thick. Cut into 4-inch squares. Peel a few apples, chop very small and mix with a little golden syrup to bind and sweeten. Spread on half pastry. Damp edges, fold corner to corner; seal edges with a fork. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 450° F. 20–30 minutes.

PEAR OVAL

Make a plain cake in an oval shape. When cold split in half and ice top with chocolate icing. Peel 8 small pears and poach till tender leaving whole. When cold put angelica stalks in place of real ones. Spread half oval with strawberry jam and a thick layer of mock cream flavoured with sherry. Place iced half on top. Arrange pears round the oval. Serve with jam sauce or fruit syrup.

GRAPE AND MARRON CUPS

Ingredients: ¾ pint thick custard; ½ oz. gelatine; 1 lb. chestnuts; 3 oz. sugar; ½ lb. grapes; round sponge cake; sherry.

Prepare a cream the consistency of a mousse as follows. Boil and sieve chestnuts. Skin most of grapes, reserving a few for decoration; remove seeds. Mix these, and chestnut puree and sugar with custard flavoured with sherry. Hollow out centre of cake and fill with mixture. Decorate with mock cream and grapes.

END

Unusual Soups

(*Continued from page* 48)

include 2 or 3 chopped tomatoes instead and decorate tops of cups with a slice of tomato and sprig of parsley.

SPANISH CONSOMME

Take a quart of good clear stock, strongly flavoured with ripe tomatoes as well as usual vegetables. Strain stock and clear of any fat. Remove the stones carefully from 8 or 9 olives. Fill the hole with a little liver stuffing, or any available tasty paste. Poach olives in a little stock for a few minutes. Drain and when cold cut olives in half. Boil up consomme; add 2 or 3 sliced tomatoes and the olives. Season well; remove any scum and serve very hot with garnish of grated cheese.

END

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Mecca Goes Modern (*Continued from page* 13)

the sombrely clad European and Western pilgrims.

But Jedda is now an airport, and wealthy hadjis from Morocco and elsewhere arrive there by plane, riding the sixty-five miles to Mecca, then the 245 miles on to Medina, in modern cars. Indeed, throughout, the Mecca festival is to-day a highly organized affair. Every pilgrim pays a fixed charge for the services he needs. All caravan leaders, chauffeurs, camel drivers, interpreters and devotional advisers collect the rates laid down and pay a statutory proportion to the Government. Some pilgrims come from plague-stricken lands. This used to prove disastrous, but the epidemics of yesterday are forestalled now by examination of ships and aircraft at the ports, and the Government maintains a string of hospitals along the route.

Another feature of the modern Hadj is the motor transport from assembly points in Persia; bus loads are carried across the hundreds of miles of intervening mountain and desert and deposited within hail of the holy places with hardly more fuss or bother than a band of children arriving for an outing on Bognor beaches. Over 4,000 motor vehicles ply the roads and trails throughout the pilgrimage season.

But whether transport is by car, caravan, camel, truck, donkey or afoot, travel is subject to constant interruptions. Five stops must be made daily for pilgrims to alight, kneel with faces toward Mecca, and pray. Devotion reaches greater intensity as the travellers glimpse the distant House of Allah. In the plain outside the city there has sprung up a separate township of tents of every size, shape and colour. It used to be much larger, but to-day there are good hotels catering for all who can afford them. Likewise souvenirs of varying grades and prices; formerly pilgrims with the age-old itch to trade could make and sell these themselves. Now the humblest keepsake must be bought in Mecca, whose 130,000 inhabitants rely for their livelihood almost entirely on the business the pilgrimage brings.

In the centre of the Great Mosque reposes the Prophet's tomb draped with the Kisweh or Holy Carpet, bearing texts from the Koran embroidered in gold and silver. At the expense of the King of Egypt the Kisweh is renewed each year in Cairo, and carried to Mecca in a richly decorated litter on the back of a camel which is afterwards exempted from hard work for the rest of its life. But for this occasion the beast is adorned with a covering of black brocade, fringed and tasselled, and decorated with red and green silk. The pattern varies from year to year, and the Mahmal (litter) is returned every year to Cairo, but after the pilgrimage the Kisweh is cut in pieces and sold to the pilgrims.

No pilgrim leaves Mecca without a close-up of the Kaaba, which enshrines the Prophet's remains, along with the original Koran. And close to them is the Black Stone bequeathed, say the Moslem scriptures, to Abraham by the Archangel Gabriel. It is fixed in the south-east wall at a handy height for the shortest pilgrim both to kiss and touch to his heart. Passing several times round the Kaaba, at every few paces pilgrims cling weeping to its draperies. On another day is the ceremony of casting stones at the Great Devil (Shaytan el Kabir), represented by a buttress against a stone wall.

You must of course be a Moslem to go to Mecca, but that has not prevented a few venturesome Britons from assuming Mohammedan disguise and making the pilgrimage.

END

A Scottish Wooing (*Continued from page* 24)

Three years later he was created Viscount Dundee, but more storms lashed his married life when William landed in England, James fled, and Graham raised Jacobite support to oppose the crowning of William and Mary. Learning of a warrant for his arrest, he took refuge in the Highlands, headed a Jacobite force there, marched on Blair in Athol, and fell to a musket ball in a battle with Royal troops near the Pass of Killiecrankie. "Bloody Claverhouse" died as bloodily as he lived. His body was stripped by some of his own men and buried in Blair.

The news reached Jean when she was at Glenogilvie, his boyhood home, with her young son James. She wept the salt, bitter tears of a soldier's faithful wife who fears that one day this will be her fate, and five years later gave the patient, steadfast Livingstone—her first girlhood love—all that was left of a stricken, sorrowing heart.

END

The Error Of Wang Fu (*Continued from page* 31)

She looked into his eyes unflinchingly. "There's Doreen and the child over there," she said. "And real danger instead of just the threat of it."

He didn't say anything; but his fingers tightened and there was more meaning in that momentary pressure than in all the words in the world.

Henry Pearsall made another attempt. "It's madness," he said. "If you must go—wait until dawn."

This time Grant answered him. "I'll make it," he said grimly. "Listen, Ruth. I'm going to arm some of the more reliable men. I'll leave three guards for you—and Wang. If you like, I'll get Elkin to stay; but. . . ."

"Take him," she said. "You'll need him."

"I shall," he agreed. "My plan's this. I'll get over there as quickly as possible. Evacuation will be the soundest plan. I'll fight a rear-guard action, with Elkin bringing Doreen and the kid over here. Murray's wounded in the shoulder, so he can't be counted on for much."

"Go as quickly as you can," Ruth told him.

Henry Pearsall had been listening, looking from one to the other. He swallowed noisily. "Grant," he said, "I can't do it. I've lost my nerve—not that I ever had much. I can't face the jungle at night—not with hidden menace everywhere. But I'll hang on here and do what I can."

"There's a job for you," Grant said. "Drive like the devil into Ipoh and get help. There may be more terrorists than Murray thinks."

"Drive—to Ipoh?" The man looked startled. His eyes were widening with fear. "Suppose there's an ambush on the road? It isn't safe for a solitary car. You know that."

"You'll have to risk that. Keep your foot hard down all the way and you'll make it. Snap out of it, Henry! You can do it. It won't take you long—not nearly as long as the rest of us will have to endure."

For a moment it seemed that Henry Pearsall would refuse. The surplus fat on his cheeks seemed to be vibrating. He moistened his lips, nervously. Then he stood up. "I'll go," he whispered. "I'll go." He crossed the room like a man groping his way through a mist.

Elkin stood aside to let him pass. His lips curled a little. "Where is the coward?" he asked, and answered his own question: "Gone to report."

MOONLIGHT was beginning to filter through the trees. The jungle stirred in a nocturnal awakening. Some distance away from the bungalow there was the sharp barking of a hunting panther. Nearer at hand the jungle mass was broken, and the young rubber trees stood like so many slender, tufted lances arrayed on terraces; but from the uncleared wilderness (*Continued on page* 66)

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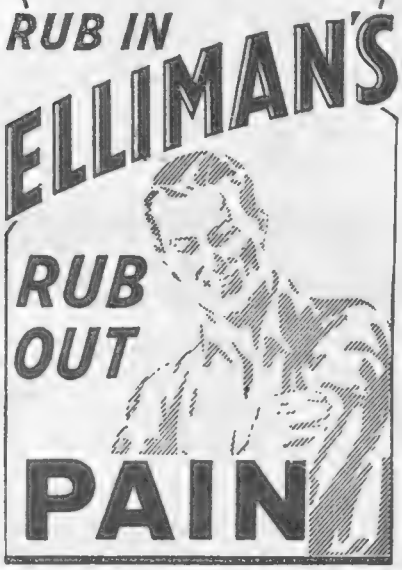

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The Error Of Wang Fu

came a confused medley of sound. The night creatures were awake, on the wing, on the prowl.

They'd frightened Ruth once. Standing on the veranda waiting, she suddenly remembered how she'd been scared by her first glimpse of elephants—great, unwieldy shadows in the dark. Scared! And she smiled at the thought of how far she'd been from a real knowledge of fear.

There was fear now, fear of slinking figures moving from tree to tree; fear of the sudden shot on its murder mission. And another fear—of what was happening to Grant. Once or twice she thought she heard the sounds of firing. But it might have been imagination. Sounds didn't carry well across the plantation slopes and the jungle blanket.

Her thoughts switched to Henry Pearsall. She pictured him crouched over the wheel of his car, driving furiously with terror as a back-seat counsellor.

Then her body stiffened with sudden shock. Part of her mind tried to keep up a pathetic pretence that nothing had happened, that it was impossible anything should happen. Her eyes, though, gave different information. A shadow had crossed a moonlit patch between two of the young rubber trees. Even as she watched, there was another gliding figure. And a third. Her tongue was suddenly freed.

"Wang!" she called softly.

There never had been such a silence before. It was like dropping a stone into a bottomless well and waiting for the splash that would never come.

She called again. "Yahya! Mat!"

This time she knew there would be no reply. The Malay guards whom Grant had left had keener sight and hearing than her own. They'd slunk away at the first warning of danger. They were craven, these. . . . She checked the thought, suddenly remembering Henry Pearsall in his car.

But Wang! She had believed in him, relied on him. Affection could blind. Perhaps that was why Elkin was suspicious. He was new, so there nothing to impair his observation.

On the slope another shadow moved, drawing nearer. The light of the moon struck a sudden reflection from a rifle. It was this confirmation of danger which broke a spell. She darted back into the room and took a small automatic from a drawer. She thrust a spare clip into the pocket of the woolly jumper she'd donned against the chill of night. She didn't return to the veranda. Instead, she crept outside the house.

They'd waste time approaching and surrounding, probably looting. There was just a chance—if she could slip away and hide.

"*Chau hoi!*"

It was a shrill voice calling from another part of the plantation. She recognized it. So Wang had not deserted! But what good would come of shouting to the terrorists to go away?

Was Wang out of his mind, making a noise like a stampeding elephant? He was calling again. She couldn't make out what he was saying—except that the word *ping* was repeated several times. Her mind groped. *Ping* in that particular tone? Then she understood.

"Soldiers," she whispered.

There were other cries, and the swift padding of feet. She lowered her weapon and stepped out fearlessly as Wang came running to the bungalow.

"Wang!" she cried thankfully. "Well done. Now we must get out quickly."

He made an effort and controlled his breathlessness.

"No need, Mem," he said.

"But you told them there are soldiers!"

"Yes, Mem. On the lower road."

"They'll be back when they find you've deceived them."

Wang moved into the light and shook his head. "Unable to lie," he announced. "Relative among the abominable and unenlightened men about to attack."

Ruth's eyes narrowed. She remembered Elkin's: "There might be a clash of loyalties." So that was it. Wang had saved her; but also saved his cousin. No doubt it was, to him, a highly satisfactory solution. But it was not a moment for detached reasoning. She felt depressed. She could never again take such joy in Wang. He wasn't the faithful. . . .

The rattle of gunfire splintered her thoughts. There were shrill cries, more firing. And then silence.

Wang gave a deep sigh. "Tuan Pearsall despatched troops and your devoted servant was fortunate in contacting them. But told abominable men troops were on lower road. Should have said upper road." In his most plaintive tone he added: "Most regrettable mistake. Excuse please—must go now—to mourn misguided cousin."

END

The Romantic Fur (*Continued from page* 20)

list while next in order come the beaver, the seal, then the mink.

The beaver has two kinds of fur; there is an outer layer of coarse fur which is reddy brown and underneath there is a second layer of smooth and silky fur which is lighter in colour. When the skins are being prepared the outer layer is shorn off.

Nature has provided most of the animals who live in Arctic regions with two layers of fur, and these animals, because of the second layer, are most valuable to the fur trade. Additionally, Nature provides for the potential safety of many of the Arctic smaller animals by changing the colour of their skins in wintertime to fit into the Arctic landscape. We have already seen how the ermine becomes snow white but so does a species of fox.

The Arctic fox most of the year is of a bluish tinge, but in the winter, like the ermine it becomes snow white. Fox skins have for years retained their popularity for fur stoles; the red and the silver are different but almost equally popular pelts; so are the blue and the white, but these are the same animal whose skin is taken at different periods of the year.

The Arctic produces the most sought after furs, for once again Mother Nature plays her part and allows the animals the best and thickest furs to keep them warm, but furs in one form or another are supplied by every continent and by most countries. Great Britain supplies moleskins, rabbit skins, as well as the skins of otters and stoats, but Britain cannot compete with Australia which supplies the United States with more than £2 million of rabbit skins every year.

The United States as well as supplying the world with magnificent furs is also the world's best customer for furs. From the U.S.A. come (from Alaska) the seal and the otter; also musk rat (sold to Milady as musquash); racoon, skunk, opposum, beaver, fox and some mink. The U.S.A. absorbs between seven per cent and eighty per cent of the world's total output of furs.

Chile and Bolivia supply the world with the much sought-after chinchilla. The chinchilla is a small grey-coloured rodent looking much like a grey squirrel. It is found high on the slopes of the Andes. Since the time of the ancient Peruvians the chinchilla has been a much sought after animal and might well have become extinct if the female was not so prolific, producing on an average two litters of young a year, with five or six in each litter.

In addition to the mink from Siberia, Russia also provides the world fur market with kolinsky, an animal closely akin to the marten, a skin which dyes easily.

Apart from chinchilla, South America also supplies the ocelot, a sort of tree cat, but which looks like a miniature leopard.

Squirrels come almost from anywhere and the pelts of these pretty little animals are mostly used in the dyed state.

There is perhaps no trade in the world with so much romance and danger and with so many facets as the fur trade. In the Arctic Circle, on the borders of Tibet, in the jungles of Africa and India, (*Continued on page* 68)

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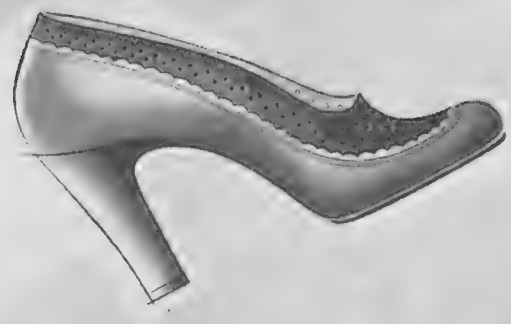

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and in lost corners of Afghanistan men are tracking down animals big and small so that their skins shall adorn the bodies of women.

Persian lamb may once have come from Persia, but nowadays most of this famed fur comes from a north Afghanistan black sheep called karakul. The lamb skins are from the animals, not much bigger than large kittens, removed prenatally from their mothers. The nomad tribes who raise the flocks from which the lambs come are among the poorest of the poor of the inhabitants of Afghanistan. The nomads barter the skins to the inhabitants of the villages who in turn sell them in the bazaars. A bazaar merchant receives about 12s. for a skin. It takes many many weeks for the skins to reach the first important stage in their journey, the sorting room. In a moment we shall see what happens to them there and thence onwards.

Although much of the gathering of the raw material for the fur trade is haphazard, a great deal of it is highly organized, although even in this organization much of the trade is carried on in the most elementary fashion; indeed just as trade was in the very dawn of commerce.

The organization to which I was referring is known as the Hudson's Bay Company which dates back to 1669 when two explorers named Grosell and Gillan began fur trading with the Red Indians. The two men travelled to London with the furs obtained by barter and their arrival caused a sensation. In 1670 Charles II granted the Hudson's Bay Company a Royal Charter authorizing fur trading in what was known as Rupert's Land, now about half of North Canada. Two years later the first fur market was set up in Garroway's Coffee House in the City of London.

To-day the Company directs its operations from Beaver House, London, but barter 280 years later is still the mainspring of its commerce in Canada.

In the Far North, the Company's agents supply the Eskimos with food and ammunition so that they are able to supply the Company's outposts with furs. In this section no

The Romantic Fur

money passes, or to put it another way; food, ammunition and certain essential goods are the currency.

A little farther south barter is still part of the trading system, but in this section the trappers are able to accept money for their furs to some extent.

Farther south still cash is the basis for the fur trading and in the big cities the Company maintains large stores for its trading purposes, but this is not quite the whole story.

Apart from bartering and purchasing pelts from Eskimos and native trappers, the Company has a number of ranches where fur bearing animals are bred in captivity in temperatures and conditions approximate to their wild state. Roughly two hundred fur trading posts are maintained east to west, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; posts extend northwards up to within a few hundred miles of the Pole and southwards to close to the Canadian-United States border.

When the skins reach the London fur dressers they are usually hard and unpliable. The dresser must remove the hardness, eliminate the skin and all animal matter and utilize the beauty of the fur to its fullest extent.

First of all the fur is cleaned and softened; then when all animal matter is removed, the skin is stretched. Then it is cleaned again. Sawdust is much used in the cleaning process.

The grading of the furs according to quality is a very fine art and one which can only be learned by long and patient experience.

Finally who or what sets a fashion in fur? This question is almost as difficult as "what makes a book a best-seller?" In the case of furs, fashions are largely influenced, especially on the furbelow side, by Paris dress designers. It is very difficult to make a fur coat up to date; coats can be shortened perhaps, but not lengthened. When Paris dropped the hem line, many ladies advertised their mink coats for sale at "bargain prices," because they were too short.

END

Facts and Furs (*Continued from page* 50)

face values are concerned. Again the furrier's skill has given them an appearance hard to reconcile with a modest price. If you want a becoming coat which your friends are unlikely to connect with a Utility price ticket you will perhaps choose one of these two, but what is gained in glamour is lost in durability. These soft and pretty furs should give you a year or two of good service, but the beaver lambs and pony skins will go happily on when the moles and squirrel locks have gone sighing to their graves.

Dyed Marmot is a respected member of the Utility class. Being a short, thick fur it is cosy to wear and has a pretty lustre. You may well see the coat you like in marmot but its best friends would not claim for it the charm that its companions of the same price enjoy.

MARY LOCKE

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

A PIONEER of emancipation, both wife and mother of U.S. Presidents—**"Abigail Adams"** (Harrap, 15s.)—affords Janet Whitney congenial scope for all the qualities she displayed as biographer of Elizabeth Fry, especially her grasp of intimate domestic detail. This admirably written, handsomely produced book is not only an expert study of a remarkable woman but of a period of social history capped by the War of Independence. It may prove to be the best biography of the year.

Abigail was courageously, abundantly *of* the world and its social and political turmoil. Thomas Merton — **"Elected Silence"** (Hollis and Carter, 15s.)—reacted from it spiritually and became a Trappist monk, partly from discontent with his own aimless life and not just the temper of our time. His autobiography is accordingly confessional and will deeply interest all who feel dissatisfaction with purely material values. In describing his Trappist life he says: "I was free. I belonged to God, not to myself; and to belong to Him is to be free." Many have found that freedom in the world, or in spite of it, without turning their backs on it; and that is the greater victory?

MUSIC was the career of Marcia Davenport's **"Lena Geyer"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), a singer of humble Prague origin who achieved eminence in New York's Metropolitan Opera, loved the Duc de Chartres, and had a mystery in her life which precluded her from writing her own story because she could not tell the truth. With the help of husband, teacher, and an intimate friend, the "I" of the novel tells it after her death—"all the trouble and ugliness as well as the glamour and triumphs"—and a vivid revelation of an exceptional woman the *Valley of Decision* author makes of it.

B. MONTAGU SCOTT is adept at combining character with a strong dramatic story. **"The Day After To-morrow"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) shows the conflict between junker and art student, brothers in an old Berlin military family, intensified by the complications of love.

A family tale bridging the two wars, it reveals a knowledge of German life as intimate as that of Jewish in her best-seller *And Which the Knave?*

ANNE BOLEYN required an intense resolution for her conquest of Henry VIII, her intrigues against Katherine of Aragon and Wolsey, her fight for survival after failing to bear a son. The motive power was her bitterness at being deprived of an early love. Margaret (*Continued on page* 71)

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Campbell Barnes romanticizes her **"Brief Gaudy Hour"** (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.) with heraldic colour, pageantry and emotional conflict.

THERE is a Willow Pattern grace about Keith West's Chinese stories in which elegant officials and ladies with fragrant names interchange poems and Confucian maxims in formal conversation. **"The Widows of the Magistrate"** (Hale, 8s. 6d.) carries on the adventures of Hibiscus, Jasmine and Peony after the death of their loved Lien Kin Wai, through a revolutionary conspiracy which reverses the fortunes of two of them and to the third brings death.

A tale with an enchanting dream-quality far removed from present-day realities.

WHAT relation to the realities of life had a cloistered nursery upbringing in an Edwardian country house? Ann Marsh in Averil Mackensie-Grieve's **"The Brood of Time"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) pondered that and the whole problem of education when she had grown to womanhood, married, lost husband in a hunting accident, and seen Furse House become a council home for elderly people. It had bred, she decided, false as well as true standards; inhibited besides fostering her growth; but she could balance the live with the dead tradition of the past and gain something from it. A serious family novel with a most vivid picture of an Edwardian childhood.

JAMES M. CAIN'S **"Three of Hearts"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is a trio of short novels reflecting the tough and violent in U.S. life. The first depicts a racketeering feud with gangster hoodlums talking subworld slang; in the third a father and daughter in an inbred mountain community come near to incest when they meet again after years of family separation—until a love-child of hers comes on the scene to help readjust the relationship. Strong stuff for the film-minded.

I HAVE already praised, for her sagacious humour, Gladys Mitchell's motherly sleuth, Mrs. Bradley. In **"Tom Brown's Body"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) she tackles the murder of a junior master at a boys' public school, and not even the boys—apart from the police—are a match for her, which is saying much, these days. If there were no ready-made murders for Mrs. Bradley it would be worth arranging some, just to keep her busy and us vastly entertained.

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

Two particularly welcome reprints are **"Life and Times of Winston Churchill,"** by Malcom Thomson, telling in words and pictures the story of Mr. Churchill's career (Odhams, 9s. 6d.); and Dickens's **"Barnaby Rudge"** with illustrations after the originals by "Phiz" and George Cattermole (Macdonald Illustrated Classics, 8s. 6d.).

New books recommended to the arm-chair traveller include **"Little England Beyond Wales,"** another of S. P. B. Mais's inimitable travel books (Johnson, 10s. 6d.); **"In the Steps of the Normans,"** an account of a journey round the British Isles in search of the Middle Ages by Leighton Houghton (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.); **"Home Ground,"** by Douglas Goldring (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.); and **"The Wonderful Story of London,"** a well-illustrated and absorbing history of London by Harold Wheeler (Odhams, 12s. 6d.). Country-lovers will enjoy **"The Nature Lover's Companion,"** an illustrated guide to Britain's flowers, trees and wild-life (Odhams, 10s. 6d.).

END

Visa For X

(*Continued from page* 19)

over the scribbled, untrue details, and said harshly, "No! *No!*"

Taking out his lighter, he crossed to a bookcase. He held the paper over an ashtray there, clicked the lighter to flame. But he didn't immediately touch the flame to the paper. He stood looking at a silver-framed photograph on the bookcase. It was a photograph of a slight, dark-haired, grey-eyed woman and of a sturdy, dark-haired, ten-year-old boy with an arm protectively about her shoulders.

Mr. Colley stood looking at the photograph for a long time. Then he pursed his bearded lips, blew out the flame, slowly returned the paper to his pocket.

IT was a masterpiece of the forger's art which Mr. Colley produced next day. He kept a blotting-pad handy to cover it as he worked, and from under his green eye-shade he cast frequent, furtive glances round the big room with the fluorescent lighting.

He had been a forger for many years, but this was the first time he had felt like one. Every minute he was expecting a visit from detectives, inquiring about Roy. None came.

He finished the forgery, at last, and knew that he had never done a better. It was a bitter thought that Roy's passport to freedom should be his father's professional death warrant. If Roy were caught with it, Mr. Colley would be criminally involved at once. Even if Roy got clean away, Mr. Colley still couldn't continue in his position here. His conscience wouldn't let him.

Roy didn't really understand what he had asked of his father.

Mr. Colley put the document into his pocket and sat fingering his beard. He couldn't make out how Roy had learned the nature of his father's profession. It worried Mr. Colley. He looked at the men in green eye-shades, stooped in absorption over their desks. He would have staked his life on the integrity of these underforgers of his. Though occasionally he had taken one or other of them home with him to dine and spend an evening, he couldn't really believe that they could have made some revealing, chance remark to Roy. Mr. Colley had trained them too well. It was easier to believe—the idea crept insidiously into Mr. Colley's mind—that Roy had learned it from some of those people with whom he had been associating.

Mr. Colley mopped his forehead. His beard sank on his chest. The document in his pocket seemed to generate a kind of radio-active heat.

"Can I clear your basket, sir?"

"Eh?" Mr. Colley looked up with a start at the lugubrious and hairless Peters, with his sack. "Is it that late?" said Mr. Colley.

"All right," he said, "I'm finished, Peters."

That word, "finished," echoed on in his head with a kind of grim symbolism; and as he went down in the lift, the thing he feared—the thing that had conjured itself like an evil genie out of the question as to just how Roy had learned his father's profession—limned itself huge and shadowy, impending over him. Mr. Colley's bearded lips tightened.

He didn't go directly to the corner where he was to meet Roy, but took a back street and came out, ahead of time, on the opposite side from the corner. He stood waiting in the dark doorway of a shop.

Across the street, near the corner, was a lighted sandwich bar. Distantly, the church clock was striking seven when a man in a trench coat and soft felt hat emerged from the bar, and, hands in pockets, walked to the corner. Mr. Colley stayed where he was.

Across the street, Roy prowled up and down. A 'bus halted, dropped two passengers, lumbered on again. Roy glanced at the passengers, then at his wrist-watch. He resumed his pacing.

Mr. Colley stayed in his doorway. He intended to follow Roy to whatever funkhole he was using. Before he handed over the passport, Mr. Colley had to be quite certain that, when Roy had said he was finished with his associates, he had told the truth.

Half an hour passed before Roy gave Mr. Colley up, and turning abruptly from the corner, walked away. Mr. Colley moved to follow, but Roy went only as far as the sandwich bar. He went in there, but re-appeared almost at once, and there was a woman with him. About all Mr. Colley could see of her was that she wore a fur coat. The two walked away together, and Mr. Colley cut across the street and followed.

They walked for ten minutes, arrived at a great, gaunt apartment house, and entered. Mr. Colley mounted the steps cautiously, peered in through the half-glassed swing doors. He could see Roy and his companion going up the stairs. There seemed to be nobody in the lobby, and as the couple disappeared, Mr. Colley pushed open the doors and crossed quickly to the stairs himself.

As he climbed, he could hear their footsteps on the flight above. Four flights they went up, then he heard them stop and caught the faint buzz of a bell.

He stole on upward. Now, peering between the banister rails, he could see the two standing outside a door with the number 48 on it. The door opened a crack, then opened wider. A man in shirt-sleeves stood on the threshold. He was about Roy's age and build, with a shock of black hair, a blue-shaven jaw, and a wide, loose, orator's mouth. He peered at the couple between thick-lensed spectacles.

"You've been long enough," he said harshly.

"You get it for me?"

Roy shook his head.

The spectacles flashed to the girl. "What's this, Cora?"

She shrugged. The man motioned them to enter. The door slammed shut, and next second Mr. Colley had his ear to it.

HE could hear only an indistinguishable murmur of voices, and the surge of his own pulse. He gave it up, started back down the stairs. He knew all that he needed to know, anyway. He should have realized from the first that Roy couldn't really change his appearance so considerably as to fit the details he had furnished; neither, if he were on the run, would he risk sticking his own photograph on the faked passport.

The truth was, Roy wasn't on the run at all. He had killed nobody. He merely had read of that fire-escape murder and had used it as a means of so trading on his father's affection as to force out of him a faked passport and visa needed by one of his shady political friends. It wasn't Roy's photograph that was to have gone on the passport; it was a photograph on which that man with the thick-lensed spectacles could get by.

Rage and contempt burned in Mr. Colley. It was plain enough, now, where Roy had learned his father's profession. He probably had been recruited in the first place, and flattered and made much of, simply because his associates hoped one day to make use of him to suborn the services of a master forger.

Mr. Colley walked out of the building. For his son as a fugitive, he had been prepared to make any sacrifice. But for what Roy was now revealed——

Mr. Colley was shaking with anger as he paused on the opposite pavement, fumbling for his ribboned eyeglasses. He was finished with Roy. Like his friends, he was no better than a traitor. The police could deal with the whole pack of them. Mr. Colley pinched his glasses on to his nose to look for the name or number of the house—and at that moment, the girl in the fur coat, Cora, pushed open the swing doors and ran down the steps.

It was the first time Mr. Colley had seen her while he had his glasses on. Something about her rang a bell in his mind. Watching her as she walked away, it came to him suddenly—something that Mrs. Rooke, the hotel manageress, had said: "Miss Mercer's gone away for a while. A friend of hers brought a note. Such a pretty girl, in a hat with a blue feather——"

That was it! A surge of excitement went through Mr. Colley. That was what it was about Cora that rang a bell in his mind: she wore a rakish little navy blue hat *with a bright blue feather.* (*Continued on page* 72)

Up the street, Cora had stopped a taxi. She was getting in. Mr. Colley began to run, but the taxi slid away long before he reached it. He checked, looking helplessly after the receding rear-light. But another car was coming. He didn't wait to see if it were a taxi. He ran in front of it, throwing up his hands. The car pulled up with a squeal of brakes, and Mr. Colley, thrusting his bearded face in at the window, saw the glimmer of silver buttons and a microphone in the hand of the man beside the driver. He was in luck. It was a police car.

He produced the pass card to the building in which he worked. The official stamp on the card was impressive.

"If you follow that taxi ahead," he said, "I think I can put you on to a wanted man."

"Get in the back," said the driver curtly.

Mr. Colley got in.

"Who *is* this man?" said the driver, as he sent the car humming forward.

"I don't know his name," said Mr. Colley. "All I know is that he's conspiring to obtain a forged passport and visa. I've reason to think he's wanted for some political offence."

"He's in that taxi?"

"No," said Mr. Colley. "It's a woman in the taxi. It's essential we follow her. Don't overtake. Just follow. The man himself is at an apartment house back there——" he gave the address—"in Room Forty-eight. I advise you to call in on your radio and have him picked up."

The man next to the driver began talking into his microphone.

Mr. Colley said, "You'll find two men in Room Forty-eight. One of them is my son."

"He's in the conspiracy?"

"He has a part in it, yes," said Mr. Colley. "But unless I'm badly mistaken, he's been acting under coercion."

"What kind of coercion?"

"That," Mr. Colley said, "will be evident, I fancy, when this taxi reaches its destination."

"It's pulling up, now," said the driver, and swung the police car into the kerb, halting.

It was a quiet, residential street of large houses standing back behind lawns and trees. A hundred yards ahead, Cora was paying off the taxi. As it moved away, she turned in at the gate of a house. The police car purred forward slowly and stopped again, just short of the house.

Mr. Colley and the two policemen went quietly up the short, curved drive.

"If I may make a suggestion," said Mr. Colley, "it might be as well if one of you slipped round to keep an eye on the back, while the other came to the front door with me."

There was a measured, heavy thumping in his chest as he put a finger on the bell-push of the front door and kept it there. He was building a terrible lot on the evidence of a blue feather, and he knew it. He knew he could be wrong, that the feather could be just a coincidence. Then the door was opened with startling abruptness. A man's figure stood shadowy on the threshold.

"Who is it?" he said. "What——"

Mr. Colley put a hand on the man's chest, pushed him back, stepped into a hall dimly illumined by the glow from the open door of a room. He glanced round him, and raised his voice.

"Mary!" he shouted. "Mary Mercer!"

In the lighted doorway across the hall, a figure appeared. It was Cora. She saw Mr. Colley and the uniformed man behind him, and darted back into the room from which she had come.

Somewhere upstairs, a voice was shouting thinly and hands beat on a locked door. And Mr. Colley's spirits soared.

"Hear that?" he said. "You hear it? I was right, by heaven!"

The man who had answered the bell made a sudden dash for the open front door. The policeman's foot shot out. The man tripped and fell sprawling.

"Round 'em up," said Mr. Colley. "Take the lot!" He pounded up the stairs, shouting, "Mary? Mary?"

"Here!"

He found the door. The key was in the lock. He turned it, thrust the door open. She stood in a small, windowless, electric-lit room

"Uncle *Colley!*" She held out both her hands to him. "How did you find me?"

"That note they made you write to Mrs. Rooke," said Mr. Colley, "so that there wouldn't be inquiries about your absence—it was brought by a girl with a blue feather I followed the feather."

"But Roy?" Mary said. "Is he all right? They were trying to force him to do something for them—get something. I was the hostage. They were threatening to kill me if he made any kind of break, didn't do exactly as he was told——"

"He did as he was told," Mr. Colley said grimly. "They were pretty clever. They knew Roy was vulnerable through you. They knew I was vulnerable through Roy. They combined it very prettily, but they didn't quite get what they wanted."

He didn't tell her how near they had come to getting it. Nor did he tell his chief that when presently he explained to him what had happened.

The Colonel, sitting at his desk, nodded his sleek, narrow head. His hair gleamed like black lacquer.

"You've put a dangerous man behind bars, where he belongs, Colley," he said. "They acted on the principle that every man has a weak spot. They found your son's, all right. No one could blame him for what he did. But we, in our line of business, we can't afford weak spots—eh, Colley? We aren't human. We can't afford to be. If they'd known you as well as I do, they'd have known there was no inducement—not even a son's life or liberty—that could suborn our old master forger. Good work, Colley."

Mr. Colley looked at his hands—broad, strong, well-kept, like a pianist's. He was vain about those hands, proud of their skill. He thought of the award which, he had been as good as promised, would crown an honourable career of forgery (*Continued on page 74*)

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when he retired in a year or two hence.

What had happened to him was a hazard inherent in his strange career. It might have happened to any one of his counterparts obscurely working in other capitals—the Monsieurs, the Señors, the Mynheers, the Comrades. Only, it had had to happen to *him*.

He felt suddenly very old. In his mind was the thought of the literally hundreds of agents who, during the war alone, had owed their lives to his mastery of his craft. At this actual minute, in perilous corners of a tortured world men were risking their necks on the strength of bits of paper of his fabrication. The Colonel was right. No man had a right to be in this profession who had a weak spot in his armour.

Mr. Colley drew in his breath deeply, took from his pocket the forged passport, laid it on the desk.

The electric light shone with a sinister, still brilliance. The two men looked at each other for a long moment, in complete mutual comprehension. The Colonel's thin face looked a little more drawn and yellow.

"I'm sorry, Colley," he said. "I wonder what I'd have done—in your place?"

Going down for the last time in the lift, Mr. Colley tried not to think of the closure he had put to the career of a super forger. All that was over. Outside, in a taxi, Mary and Roy would be waiting. They thought he had scored a triumph. They didn't understand. They never would, if he could help it. He'd tell them he'd retired because he was getting old and wanted to grow roses.

The lift sighed to a standstill. Mr. Colley squared his shoulders. He drew a deep breath, fluffed up his beard, and with dignity clashed back the iron gates.

END

Comparisons—U.S.A. and G.B.

(*Continued from page* 33)

sprinklers going day and night, they generally manage to keep things alive; while the lay-out of their residential districts, with trees on each side of the streets forming beautiful avenues, make a delightful setting for small front gardens.

Owing to their easily run homes and the well cooked "ready-to-eat" foods they can buy anywhere, American women have a great deal of leisure and women in all walks of life take jobs to have more money to spend. This is especially so with those whose children are launched in the world. They are well groomed and smart and take a lot of trouble to preserve their figures and their looks, and succeed to an astonishing degree.

This attention to detail is an outstanding American characteristic, as with the men in business, so with the women in their homes, they take infinite pains, in cooking and serving the food and in their choice of china, glass and linen. Their face towels and table cloths in everyday use are colourful and have original and amusing designs. It is true these things can be bought everywhere, in great variety, but it is the demand for them that creates the supply.

IN America I lost my spectacles; in five hours I had a new pair in a leather case—the cost, one pound. I had waited six weeks in England for the original pair and had paid two pounds five shillings and ninepence.

Over there speed and efficiency are the key notes. The speed with which one gets through on the telephone, the rate and judgment with which one is driven in cars, buses and taxis, the superb salesmanship and good manners of the shop-assistants, all send one home wiser and sadder to the fact that we simply must get a move on over here.

All these are outward signs of material well being, what of the spirit that is abroad in the land? There is no doubt in my mind that the people are in good heart and sane mind.

First and foremost, there seems to be no trace of "class warfare"; no jealousy of what the other "feller" has, because there is a well-grounded conviction that *anyone* can become a millionaire, or the President of the United States, provided he has the requisite ability, the brains, "the guts," and a spot of luck.

This feeling is conducive to a truer state of equality than we have attained in Britain. It helps too with the "Negro question." It is twenty years since my last visit to America and I notice, even down South, a great improvement in the status of coloured people; while in the North, everywhere one saw blacks and whites working together in good comradeship and co-operation. But this colour problem is undoubtedly the "big headache" for the powers that be in America.

THERE is one subject, however, about which Americans are neither happy, nor unsuspicious—Russia and Communism.

Their newspapers devote a large share of their thirty-odd daily pages to cartoons and articles denouncing Russia in no uncertain terms and this is all the more noticeable because, in spite of their bulk, American newspapers devote very little space to international news and their daily papers compare very unfavourably in interest with our own meagre sheets.

As to their feeling towards us British, as compared to what we think of them: it is always easier for the lender, than for the debtor, to feel magnanimous. They admire our war effort, acknowledge (*Continued on page* 76)

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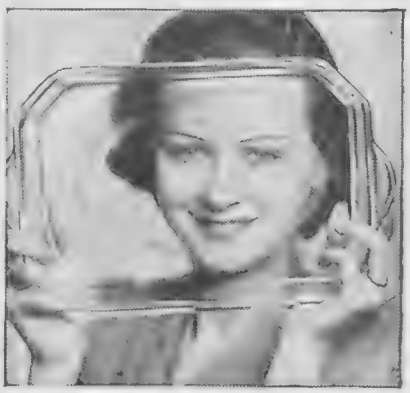

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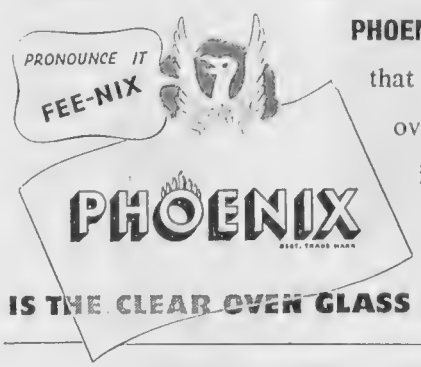

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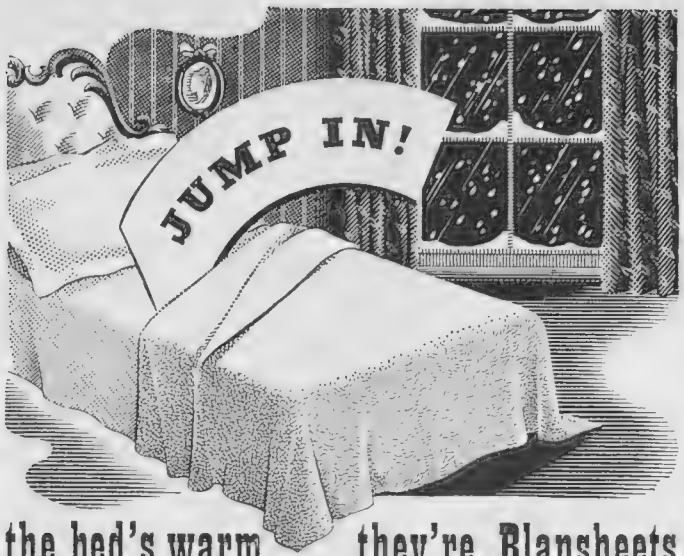

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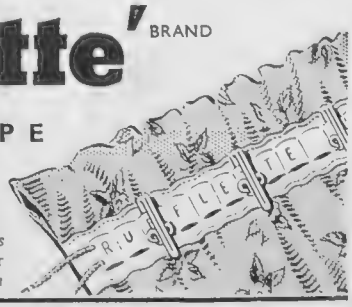

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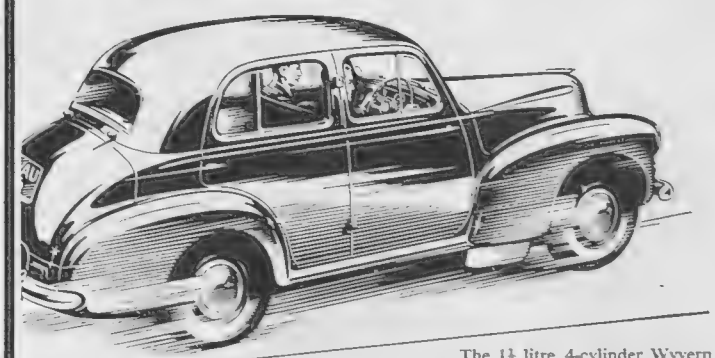

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a debt of gratitude and hate to think of our hard times. They want to help us—yes all of them, of whatever class—that can be easily seen. But—and this But is spelt with a Capital B—they are utterly at a loss as to why we are in such a "mess." Why? they ask, do we put up with such muddling? Why do we allow our government to spend millions more than we can afford? As one man put it: "Guess you folks can't run to luxuries when you're next-door to broke and it sure is ruination this bribing voters with free wigs and teeth and what not."

They themselves wouldn't touch Socialism with a barge pole. They have a burning faith in free enterprise and they really are "a land of the free." Not for any consideration, are they prepared to play ball with a party that might impose restrictions on their movements, how they spend their money, what they build, sell, make or eat such as we have at present to put up with. They have come to connect Socialism with this state of affairs. As a street-car conductor said to me, "Guess it wouldn't suit an American."

What strikes one forcibly is the general air of "well-to-do-ness" in the United States that, by comparison, makes our austere living seem so drab. The complete absence of any signs of poverty, the obvious opulence of the majority. The fact that most people have a car and the care-free ease with which one and all have a good time to suit their inclination and taste. The drive, vigour and zest they put into their play, as well as any job of work on hand, makes one's heart ache to have it likewise at home.

I am convinced that everyone works harder over there than their opposite number in Britain. They concentrate more, use better methods and take more pride in their work than we do.

But it is a fallacy to think they work and hustle all the time. They have their set hours of work and stick to them unless it pays them to do otherwise and I failed to make any business appointments during the close season of the week-ends.

As regards business dealings with them, personally I found them open-minded and willing to give us every opportunity. The business men, to whom I demonstrated the machine I had come from England to show them, were alert to its possibilities and friendlily disposed.

There is a definite feeling here that there is a great "sales resistance" on now in the States; money is certainly getting tighter, but Americans expect those who have something to sell to boost their goods and blow their trumpets good and loud, they discount a lot of what is told them by a salesman, and when we have good things to sell, it is entirely the wrong approach to be too modest and reserved in trying to get American custom.

Comparisons—U.S.A. and G.B.

Although many of the good things in American life are not obtainable over here, at any rate under the present régime, some of them are not beyond our grasp if we make sufficient effort to get them.

We must not accept second rate goods, nor be fobbed off with the assurance that "it isn't made any more." We must insist on good service and keep on demanding everything that will help to make our lives easier and pleasanter. Why should we put up with unwrapped bread, unwashed vegetables, tasteless cakes, hair nets like fishing nets, stockings without shape, plain thick white china, and grapefruit like lemons? It's bad management and bad marketing. We shall have to refuse to buy such rubbish, even if, for the time being, we cut off our noses to spite our faces. We cannot allow this state of affairs to go on for ever. We simply must swing comparisons round in our favour some day soon.

END

By Just Exchange (*Continued from page 27*)

to precedent, that her stunned parents realized that she had "run off" with the young French musician, and there was nothing they could do about it.

A SCOTS marriage in those days was legal whenever and however made, and the captain of the wee steam boat, with a sympathetic grin, pronounced the two young things to be man and wife, the marriage was duly registered in the ship's log, and they took their way southward from Glasgow.

"Rooms" had been reserved for Paul at Ackwell, but these turned out to be one single room in a dark and dirty house, owned by a certain Mrs. Cadman, in a narrow unpleasant-looking street.

"And may I ask," she said freezingly, "who is this? I'm having none of your French habits and ways here, Mounseer Doobwaw."

"This," said Paul very politely, with an arm round the white and exhausted little Morna, "is my wife. I have never heard before that marriage was purely a French custom."

"Oh well, that's different. Come in. They didn't tell me you were married."

SHE ushered them into a small room, stuffy from weeks of unopened window, with a single iron bed, a chest of drawers, one chair by the window, a row of hooks on the door, and a wall-paper which would have to be seen to be believed, even in the reign of Victoria. Over the mantelpiece hung a framed, coloured and gilded text. "He is a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful." On the floor, one each side of the bed lay two revolting little mats, consisting of flattened out squirrel-skins, mounted on red felt.

"If I'd known you was married," said Mrs. Cadman, "I'd have put in the double bed. But there's a leg off it. Maybe you can manage."

"Certainly," said Paul, with an expressionless face.

He put down the large Gladstone bag he was holding, and looked at Morna, who stood, a bewildered, pathetic little figure, alone by the fireplace.

"It is only for a night or two, beloved," he whispered. "We will not stay here. Can you be brave, just for one night or perhaps two? I love you so. I love you so. You are not frightened? I love you so."

Her eyes softened and brightened.

"That's all that really matters," she said, in her shy gentle voice, "just you . . . and me. . . ."

"Only for one or two nights," he said again. "To-morrow we will search for a home." As he kissed, first her lips, and then her soft little neck, he smiled again. "What is this treasure?" he asked, pulling at a black watered silk ribbon, tied round her throat and hanging down, concealed in her gown.

"It is what Papa and Mamma gave me on my eighteenth birthday," said Morna, "I believe it is very old. They say Bonnie Prince Charlie gave it to my great-great-grandmother."

She drew it out, still warm from the warmth of her breast, a very charming pendant, composed of a pattern of wrought gold, studded all over with rubies and pearls, so delicately and wonderfully finished that it almost took one's breath.

"But, my darling . . ." exclaimed Paul. "This is a lovely thing."

"Yes," said Morna. "I always wear it. It never leaves me."

"It must be worth. . . ." He stopped, and again that look of infinite tenderness came over his young dark face. "It is just . . . but only *just* . . . good enough for you," he whispered. "Come now. We make ourselves the toilette, and go down and eat this horrible woman's food. I am sure she is the worst cook in England and that is saying much."

The evening was about as near hell as one can picture. A very small fire burned in the grate of the sitting-room, chiefly black smoke, the food lived up to Paul's forecast, and Mrs. Cadman was as curt and disagreeable as it is possible for a landlady to be. She made unpleasant remarks about "you Scotch," a race, according to her, consisting of mean, ill-mannered, hard drinkers, only polite when they were half-seas over. She also assured Paul that she had little use for "Frenchies," and it was about at this point that Paul's vague suspicions became certainty, and he decided that whatever the habits of the "Scotch" might be, those of Mrs. Cadman were fairly obvious. He also realized that the departing violinist whose place he had been asked to fill must have been removed from the orchestra for sound reasons, and that this was evidently the type of room . . . and landlady . . . which had suited him.

They went upstairs at about half-past nine.

"Paul," said Morna, with determined small chin, "I'll not put up with that woman another evening."

"I agree," said Paul.

Morning came, and Morna found that she was expected to make her own bed and tidy the room. She was a deft little thing, and the room probably got a better doing than it had received for some time. Then, Paul having been obliged to leave for the Pump Room for an interview and a rehearsal, immediately after breakfast, she tied on her bonnet, wrapped herself in her green and rose and blue Paisley shawl, and went out, rather timidly, to look at the celebrated old town. The road led her up a hill, towards a crescent, on a corner of which stood a small neat house, covered by a flourishing green vine. The house at once struck her beauty-loving Hebridean eyes, although she did not yet know that it was the work of one of the brothers Adam.

"For Sale. Apply Within," said a notice.

For sale! How much . . . how much would it be?

There was a bench on the crescent, looking over a mass of early greenery in the park below, for the whole town was built on slopes and curves. Morna sat down. She was still very tired and half-bewildered, so much had happened to her in the last twenty-four hours. The gates of heaven had been opened to her, she was a bride, but she had lost her home, and she was adrift on a strange ocean. All she knew was, that she and Paul must find a place to live. They could not stay with Mrs. Cadman and . . . she laughed a little brokenly . . . the squirrels. That room!

Paul was to get six pounds a week. Could they live on say, four, and save two a week towards? . . .

She rose to her feet.

"If you want things," she said to herself determinedly, "you must go and ask for them. People can but say no."

She tightened her Paisley shawl around her slim form, and marched up to the door of the house. She rang the bell.

"If you please," she said in her quiet little Highland voice to the respectable middle-aged parlourmaid who answered the door, "I have come to make inquiries about buying this house."

"You, my dear," said the maid, unable to help smiling.

"Yes," said Morna, holding on to her courage with both hands. "My name is M——" she caught herself up just in time, "My name is Mrs. Dubois."

"Please to come in, Madam," said the maid, carefully hiding a smile at the dignity of the small speaker.

Morna was shown in to a pleasant sitting-room, with a window looking on to a little garden, in which a fountain played, watched over by the god Pan in stone. An oldish, clean-shaven gentleman sat reading *The Times*.

"A lady to inquire about the house, sir" said the maid, and left them together.

"Good-day to you, Madam. Be seated, please . . . God bless my soul," he added. "You look about ten years old."

"I'll be nineteen on my next birthday and my name is Mrs. Dubois," said Morna, seating herself in a very comfortable Queen Anne armchair. (*Continued on page 78*)

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MP/VD

"Dubois . . . Dubois. . . . Any relation of the young fellow who's come to join our orchestra? I'm on the Pump Room Committee," he added.

"His wife," said Morna. And at that lovely thought, a smile shone in her dark blue eyes, and little brown face.

"God bless me," he said again. "And you want to buy my house?"

"If we can afford it," said Morna.

"Well, yes. That's always a help," said old Mr. Terrington. His quizzical smile met her own. "I take it he's got money of his own, then?"

Morna avoided this question with the skill of a practised fencer. "What would be the price of the house, sir? I just took one look and fell in love with it."

"That, my dear, happens to us all at times," said the old gentleman with a little bow, but he said it so "nicely," that Morna knew she had nothing to fear. He still spoke as though he were addressing a child. "You're not French?".

"No sir. I am from the Isle of Kilkiven, in the Hebrides."

"Thought I couldn't mistake the West Highland voice." His smile faded, and he added, almost as though he were speaking to himself, "my wife came from Argyll."

His eyes turned to a painting on the wall. There was such sorrow in them that Morna said very gently. "You have lost her, sir?"

"That's why I want to get rid of the house," he answered.

"I can understand that well. It would be too much to see her form in the shadows, and to hear her footsteps and her voice," said Morna.

For a moment they looked at each other, the old man passing towards the far gate of life, the young girl just emerging from the near one. Then he cleared his throat, and rubbed a brilliantly coloured silk handkerchief over his eyeglass.

"You're an understanding little lady," he said huskily. "I hope we manage to come to terms. I'd like to think of you living here. I hate selling the place, but . . . I can't stay here."

"And the price, sir?"

"Two thousand pounds' m'dear."

Morna's face fell. . . .

"It includes the furniture, you know. I'm selling it as it stands."

"We have not got it, sir. I thought it might be some hundreds, and that perhaps . . . we could . . . pay it off bit by bit." She rose. "I am sorry to have troubled and disturbed you in your grief."

She could not have explained, even to herself, why she felt so cast down. This was the house in which she wanted to live. She and Paul might have been so happy here, so happy. And maybe there would have been wee things toddling about the garden and hall. Sunlight flickered through the dancing vine-leaves as she rose, and unconscious that her eyes were wet, said. "It's no use. We just haven't got the money."

Mr. Terrington looked at her, then he laid a hand on her shoulder. "Sit down again, my child, and tell me a little more about it. How long have you been married?"

"Two days, sir."

And as his start jerked the eyeglass down on its dangling ribbon again, she quietly told him the whole story. She didn't even leave out the squirrels. Not once did he interrupt her. At the end, she rose again, and as she did so, her Paisley shawl slipped back, displaying her simple green woollen gown and the pendant hanging from its ribbon round her throat. Mr. Terrington started.

"What's that you're wearing?" he asked. "May I look at it?"

"Surely, sir."

She took off the jewel and handed it to him. There was a very long silence.

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"From Prince Charlie" said Morna, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "He gave it to my great-great-grandmother. She hid him from the Hanoverians in '46."

She didn't say "1746." No Highlander ever thinks that necessary!

Mr. Terrington stood balancing the thing in his hand. It glittered and shone and smiled in the sunlight.

"My dear," he said at last, his eyes not meeting her own. "You could sell this for a least two thousand pounds. Is it yours?"

"*Yes* sir." Her smile broke out, cheered and brilliant. "Then, will you please take it in exchange for the house? That'll be the simplest way, will it not?"

It seemed so, to her.

"You understand," he said slowly, "that this is a valuable historic jewel? Are you sure you want to sell it? Is my house really worth it?"

"*I want this house,*" Morna said. "Please sir, take the pendant."

It was about twenty minutes later, and names and addresses had been exchanged and noted down, and glasses of sherry "sipped," when Morna finally was ushered to the gate by her elderly host.

"I am glad beyond measure that you should be coming to live here, my child," he said smiling, "perhaps I may come and visit it . . . and you two . . . sometimes. Bring your husband in this evening to see me. Anything I can do to help you will be a pleasure. You have friends in Ackwell, I trust?"

"You have made it very plain to me that I have one, sir," said Morna with simple sweetness, and so took her way, glancing back once at the small square house with its drapery of vine-leaves all dancing in the deep gold of the sunlight.

By Just Exchange

Again she sat down on the bench overlooking the Park, for she was very tired and very excited, poor little bride of one night.

"I've bought a house," she said to herself, staring out over the fair city and the hill beyond. "Guidsakes! I've bought a house, and paid for it with Prince Charlie's pendant, and all because we don't like Mrs. Cadman and the squirrels. And what in the world's that?"

"That" was a succession of melodious cries, proceeding from a young gentleman approaching the crescent with a violin-case in one hand.

"It *is* you . . . it *is* . . . it *is*," he exclaimed, as soon as he reached her side. He sat down, and seizing one little hand, pulled off the glove and began covering her fingers with kisses. "My very beautiful. I have wonderful news for you. I have played this morning in the orchestra, and then solo. They applauded me to the echo. They like my playing. I shall be great and famous. Ah, how good life is! And you, beloved? What have you been doing?"

"*I* . . . have bought a house, Paul."

Paul did not even inquire where she had found the money for such an adventure. He was much too excited. He simply kissed her hand again and said. "You are the most wonderful thing in the world. Do we move to-night, or must we endure That Terrible for one more evening?"

"Well dearest, we don't get it for a fortnight. The owner must have time to move out. He's exchanging it for my Prince Charlie pendant. Yes, *really*. He says it's very valuable. So he's to get it and . . . we've got a house. Isn't that luck?"

"It is luck of the most surprising," agreed Paul with considerable truth, "but must we spend another fortnight with the squirrels and the merciful God and Mrs. Cadman?"

"There's you and me, too," said Morna below her breath.

"Ah my darling, yes. What do the squirrels matter? Kiss me."

"I don't think people kiss in the streets," murmured Morna.

"Then it is time they began. Let us be the pioneers," said Paul, and proceeded to put his thought into effect. Mr. Terrington, who had been watching them from the window, smiled, turned away, and once more applied his brightly coloured handkerchief to his eyeglass.

"A charming old pendant," he said to himself. "And with that particular historic association, *might* possibly fetch as much as . . . say . . . two *hundred* pounds. But I doubt it. I very much doubt it."

And his kindly old eyes, with that tender smile still lingering in them, met those of his wife, in the portrait on the wall.

END

The Call Of The Hills

(*Continued from page* 28)

path and climbing up on to the ridge to one side, I managed to circumvent the snowfield; but, on gaining what I had supposed to be the summit, I found that an endless flattened dome of snow stretched away before me, concealing what lay beyond. Immaculate snow mantled all visible Earth.

I had been accustomed to the razor-backed mountains of Snowdonia, the Lake District and the Hebrides, where one climbed up one face of a mountain and then went down again on its reverse side. I was not prepared for this immense plateau at an altitude of 3,500 feet. However, a mile or so along the ridge on my north hand a wave-like crag attracted my attention. Toiling up the broad snow-field, with its gleaming ice-shine, to its crest, I discovered that the east face of the ridge fell away from under me, all along its 1½ mile length, in one awful drop of 2,000 feet to the thick black waters of a long glacial-formed loch. Moreover, from the far side of the loch a yet loftier mountain, Brae Riach, rose even more precipitously.

This was a wilder scene than any I had yet looked upon in the Highlands. Except for my dogs and myself there was no trace of life except the pad-marks of a fox in the snow and a brace of white ptarmigan—those mountain grouse—whirring out over the vast abyss of the loch. I took off my hat to that troop of commandos who went down into this abyss in full battle-kit on a dark night!

Away to the south stretched the finest deer sanctuary in the Highlands—a shallow windswept amphitheatre lying between 3,000 and 3,500 feet, where "marched" the three deer forests of Mar, Feshie and Rothiemurchus and the two counties of Aberdeenshire and Inverness-shire. A month later I skied over the dome of snow into this amphitheatre, which was extensively scarred with brown peat-hags. On the far side of this 5,000-acre wilderness I came out on a grassy flat by some frozen pools. This was an historic place. Its many circles of white stones marked (and would, no doubt, mark for centuries to come) a camping place of those mountain troops stationed in the Cairngorm glens during the war. On a grassy slope hard by the camp were the tumbled remains of a cairn of boulders.

It was from the cairn that I began a two-mile climb to the summit of Brae Riach, more than 1,000 feet above. At this height the slopes were almost bare of vegetation, and I ploughed my way up, ankle-deep, in shifting greyish-white gravel. Here and there, however, were small clumps of *silene acaulis*, the moss-campion, which two or three months hence would be exquisite pink cushions of massed flowerlets.

With this further climb behind me, I found myself on another gravelly flat, much of it covered with an inch or so of fairly firm snow. It sloped down from either side to a central depression, in which a frozen burn was just beginning to thaw out. The extraordinary thing was that, though this plateau lay at a height of 4,000 feet, the burn was fed by a number of perpetual springs bubbling up from the higher end of the depression! Hence the name of the plateau—Fuaran Dhé (The Wells of Dee), highest source of the Aberdeenshire Dee. Slushing through the loose gravel, I made my way to one corner of the flat, where the burn disappeared, came suddenly to the edge, and looked down upon a stupendous scene.

A vast crater, nearly 2,000 feet deep, shelved away to a gloomy pass, riven through the mountain masses. Its grey-green corries and hollows were seamed with innumerable black burns and flood-channels, and formed a chaotic waste of (*Continued on page* 81)

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broken screes and tumbled granite blocks, of craggy outcrops and 500-foot stacks, sphinxes and "cheeserings." Fantastically weathered a dark-green and heavily buttressed with snow, these receded in fluted tiers to the cliff-face, whose crumbling edge supported a frieze of snow-cornices several yards in breadth.

From the far end of the plateau rose the true summit of Brae Riach. This I found to be a peak of flat granite slabs packed so closely, one overlaying another, that my way to the top lay from rocking slab to slab. By the cairn on the topmost slab I sat down to rest, 4,258 feet above sea-level, and I was somewhat surprised to find that there was life even on this sterile peak. A brown spider hurried across a slab at my feet; two bumble-bees hummed past into space on their mysterious errands; and a ptarmigan whirred away from the other side of the cairn.

Later in the summer I spent a night out in a high corrie on Brae Riach. The strong yellow rays of the sinking sun were streaming through the pinewoods as I went up out of the glen, and by 9.30 p.m. I was leaning up against the ever-welcome wall of the bothy on the summit, looking out over the Highlands setting into the peace of a summer night. Wind-streamered rose-pink bars and gold flecks of cloud still coloured the northern sky: but westwards all was veiled, misty range upon range, sullen blue-grey cloud-layer on layer, with far below, the river Spey a burnished silver bill-hook. A raven floated slowly along the ridge, hooked head bowed low.

As I went down into the amphitheatre, with the light fading fast, I heard all around me the soft whispered calls of the golden plover, and herd after herd of deer were swallowed up in the concealing dusk, as they trotted away before me. When I reached the stalker's cairn there was still a sullen red glow in the northern sky above Brae Riach; but when finally, I sank down exhausted on a patch of gravel high up in the cleft of the corrie and wrapped myself up in my raincoat, it was deep dusk, though I could still distinguish the figures of feeding deer silhouetted against the pale sky.

It would be an understatement to suggest that the cold of the next four hours, lying out on that bare knoll, hunched up against a wet rock, was terrible! The light evening breeze strengthened to a strong wind during the night, driving the clouds into those awful corries beneath the black crags. Well-named were they by the old herdsmen—The Hill of the Fierce Hound, The Rocky Corrie, The Corrie of the Battle of the Warrior Bands. The dank rain mists swept from them into and up my corrie, as I lay looking up at the faint stars of the *Plough* and the *Pole*. Perhaps I dozed wretchedly now and again: but, when a perceptible lightness was stealing into the corrie, I could bear the cold no longer and rose, reluctantly, to make my way homewards, torn between the spiritual longing to see the dawn in and the imperative physical urge for warmth and food. But, as I stumbled stiffly down the screes, I noticed that a cloudlet over the snow-field above the screes was faintly flushed with the brown of dawn. So I turned back again, to wait a little longer, and saw deer begin to appear over the eastern ridge. Ten minutes later a ptarmigan "crackled" faintly from that side, and the new day had begun at long, long last. Another chilly interval of stamping about from one foot to the other followed, before my benumbed senses awoke to the realization that the real objective of this intolerable vigil had been rewarded. From some point high up beside the snow-field a snow-bunting was singing. It was three o'clock. Ten minutes later he began to sing in earnest from various boulder song-stations at regular half-minute intervals, flinging his brief phrases of lark-like melody into the silent corrie. I was content. Every summer fewer than half a dozen pairs of gorgeous black and white snow-buntings returned to nest on the most inaccessible heights of the Scottish mountains. I had heard the rarest bird song in Britain.

END

The Call Of The Hills

Things A Young Woman Of 21 Takes For Granted

(*Continued from page 25*)

Commons only in 1928. A year later Margaret Bondfield, appointed Minister of Labour in the second Labour Government, thus became the first woman minister of the Crown.

An Act of 1926 had at last given women, married or single, the right to hold and dispose of both real and personal property on the same terms as men. An Act of 1923 gave a wife the right to divorce her husband for adultery alone, as he had had the right to divorce her since the first Marriage and Divorce Act of 1857: before 1923 she had also to prove cruelty or desertion as well as adultery; and it was more than ten years later before, under Herbert's Act, either partner could claim release for desertion alone, or for incurable insanity. Full guardianship of their children was conferred on the mother as well as the father only in 1925. The Criminal Justice Act of 1925 at last abolished the common law presumption that a woman committing a crime in her husband's presence necessarily did so under his coercion.

Born into a world where recognition of the woman as an individual has become so general, it is not easy for the young woman of to-day with the world before her, and a choice of career as wide as that before her brother, to appreciate how very new, in an historical sense, that recognition is: one indicator of its newness is Cambridge's belated admission in 1948 of its women graduates to full membership of the university (Oxford thus admitted them in 1919). But still a husband is in law entitled to his wife's obedience—as many of those who heard Princess Elizabeth promise to love, honour, and obey her husband realized for the first time. The husband's domicile is still the wife's, even if they are legally separated; and his control over her body is absolute—he can, and, especially among the less educated, sometimes does refuse his consent to the performance of an operation deemed necessary for the wife's health, even though she herself is willing to undergo it. He must in law provide her with food, clothing, and a roof, no matter how large her income, how small his; he must provide for the children of the marriage—and support his illegitimate children too. On the other hand if a husband is incapacitated from earning his living, and his wife has means or earnings of her own, she can be called upon, should compulsion be necessary, to contribute to his support and that of their children.

There are some who have contemplated launching a movement for the rights of men, arguing that, in certain circumstances, particularly those connected with matrimonial disputes, the law places them at a disadvantage in relation to women. Concession of rights to wives, maintenance of the duties of husbands has certainly tended to give women in some respects an advantage over men: surely not altogether a bad thing, seeing that for so many centuries the men had all the advantages. But the laws relating to marriage must eventually be so adapted that there is no injustice to either partner, for a sense of injustice on either side is not calculated to produce the most harmonious settlement of differences, and only when differences arise between husband and wife has the state of the law any serious relevance to the success of a marriage.

The young woman of to-day has access to all branches of the Civil Service; she can make her career in the armed forces. If she decides to become a journalist or writer, she can expect to have her views on politics, foreign affairs, education taken seriously. In the world of the theatre she may figure not merely as an actress (a privilege that has been hers for 300 years) but also as a playwright and (a newer opening) a producer. The B.B.C. gives scope to women equally with men in the production, direction, and devising of its programmes, in broadcasting of talks and discussions as of entertainment. She may become a barrister (a right conceded in 1919) and practise in the courts without exciting the prejudice aroused against the first women barristers by the undue press publicity that attended their initial efforts in advocacy. She may become an architect, a doctor, a scientist without that consciousness of achieving the unusual that her mother, taking the same step, experienced.

Air travel is a commonplace to her, and she assumes that the traveller who uses railways and steamboats does so from lack of means to use the air. But the air service to Paris, instituted in 1919, was still an adventure when she was born; Amelia Earhart, first woman to achieve an air crossing of the Atlantic after three others had lost their lives in the attempt, did so in an aeroplane piloted by William Stultz only in 1928, nine years after the first momentous crossing by the English aviators Alcock and Whitten-Brown. Yet experience gained in the second world war has meant that the family can now walk on board an air liner bound from London airport to New York with no more apprehension than the sea trip would cause.

A hundred years ago Mrs. Caroline Norton, disputing with her husband (an unprepossessing fellow), discovered that she had no right even to the money she earned by her writings; her husband having, as he was legally entitled to do, taken possession of her contracts with publishers, he could have claimed her royalties, and no power could have prevented their payment to him had he done so, or have compelled him to provide for her, since she had left his roof of her own accord and refused to return to it. It is a long cry from this situation to that of to-day when a wife is entitled not only to her earnings, but to have her earned income separately assessed, pay her own income tax on it, and pay no more than if she were single.

With the increasing rights and status of women has come added responsibility—first fully brought home to everyone, perhaps, with the application of conscription to women in 1941. During the second world war, first as volunteers, then as conscripts, women served in uniform at home and abroad, and their responsibilities to others were recognized by payment to them of dependents' allowances. Even more striking proof of change in the attitude of the whole policy towards the woman was the decision taken in the Family Allowances Act of 1945 that the right person to receive the weekly allowance accorded by the nation to its children was their mother, member of the largest of all groups of women.

And the child of to-day's young woman of twenty-one: what is she going to take for granted that is so new now it savours of the miraculous? Family allowances, and her receipt of them, for one thing. A comprehensive health service for another. It will not seem to her surprising that, according to her need, she can have her teeth stopped, pulled, or replaced by artificial aid; that instead of having to wait to become seriously ill before she can secure adequate medical assistance, she will be able to have her troubles diagnosed in their earliest beginnings, and countered before they become incurable. A third will doubtless be the sense of security springing from the assurance that the whole body of the people has made itself responsible for each individual; and a fourth the even fuller acceptance of equality of responsibility in the affairs of the nation as well as of the home.

1.10.49

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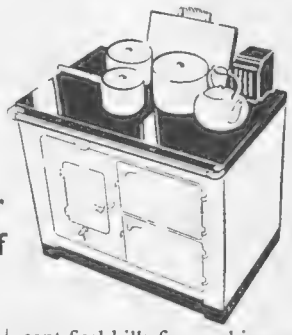

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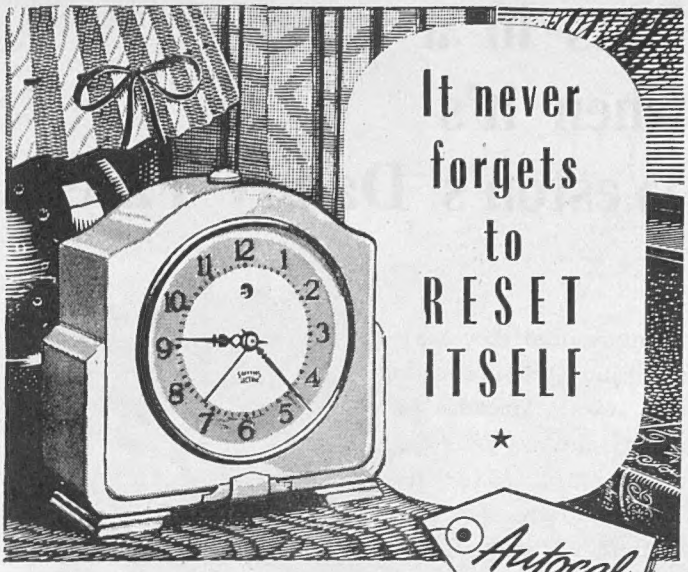

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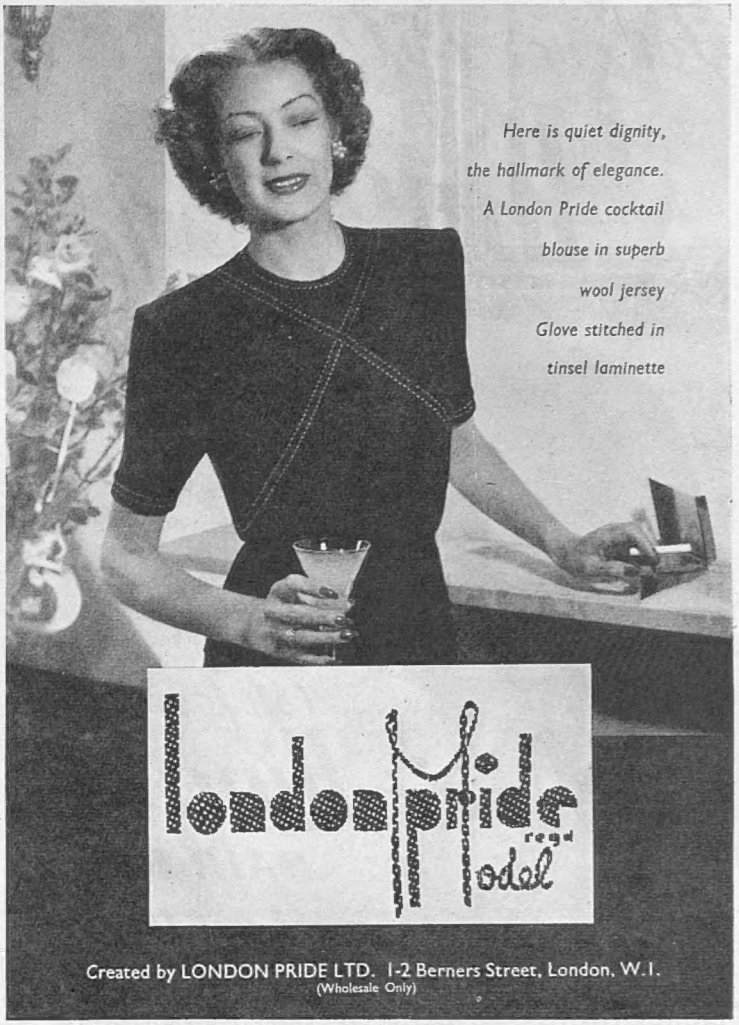
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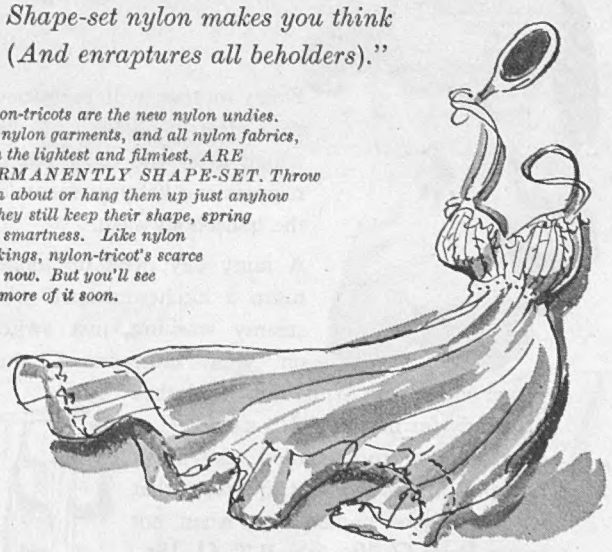

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13/3 ,, ,, (27 in. wide)
25/6 ,, ,, (54 in. wide)

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details.

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Every brush beautifully made by Master Craftsmen. Superior finish, long lasting wear. Rubber cushion brushes.

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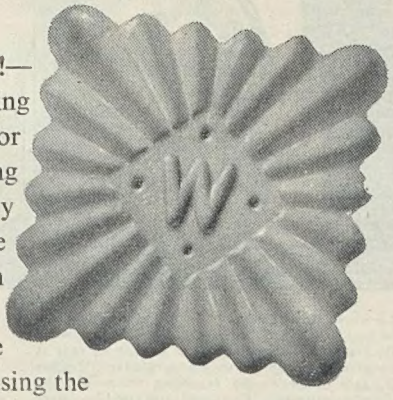

Dainty indeed they are!—small and light, short-eating and sweet. Splendid for a party, and very gratifying in private. Made by Weston's only, they are dispatched oven-fresh from factories planned and equipped to produce highest quality biscuits using the finest ingredients obtainable.

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ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

This fragrant, luxurious liquid-creme shampoo was created especially for patrons of the Richard Hudnut New York Salon. Now your hair can be radiant with new health and beauty. Not a dulling, drying soap or chemical, the Enriched Creme Shampoo cleans your hair and scalp completely . . . rinses out instantly and leaves your hair a joy to manage. Try this enriched shampoo treatment today. . . tonight there will be new, romantic lovelights in your hair!

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LIQUID CREME
—SO SMOOTH
—SO GENTLE

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ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

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Every mother will appreciate this electric Clothes Dryer which dries the daily pile of nappies and baby garments or the household wash.

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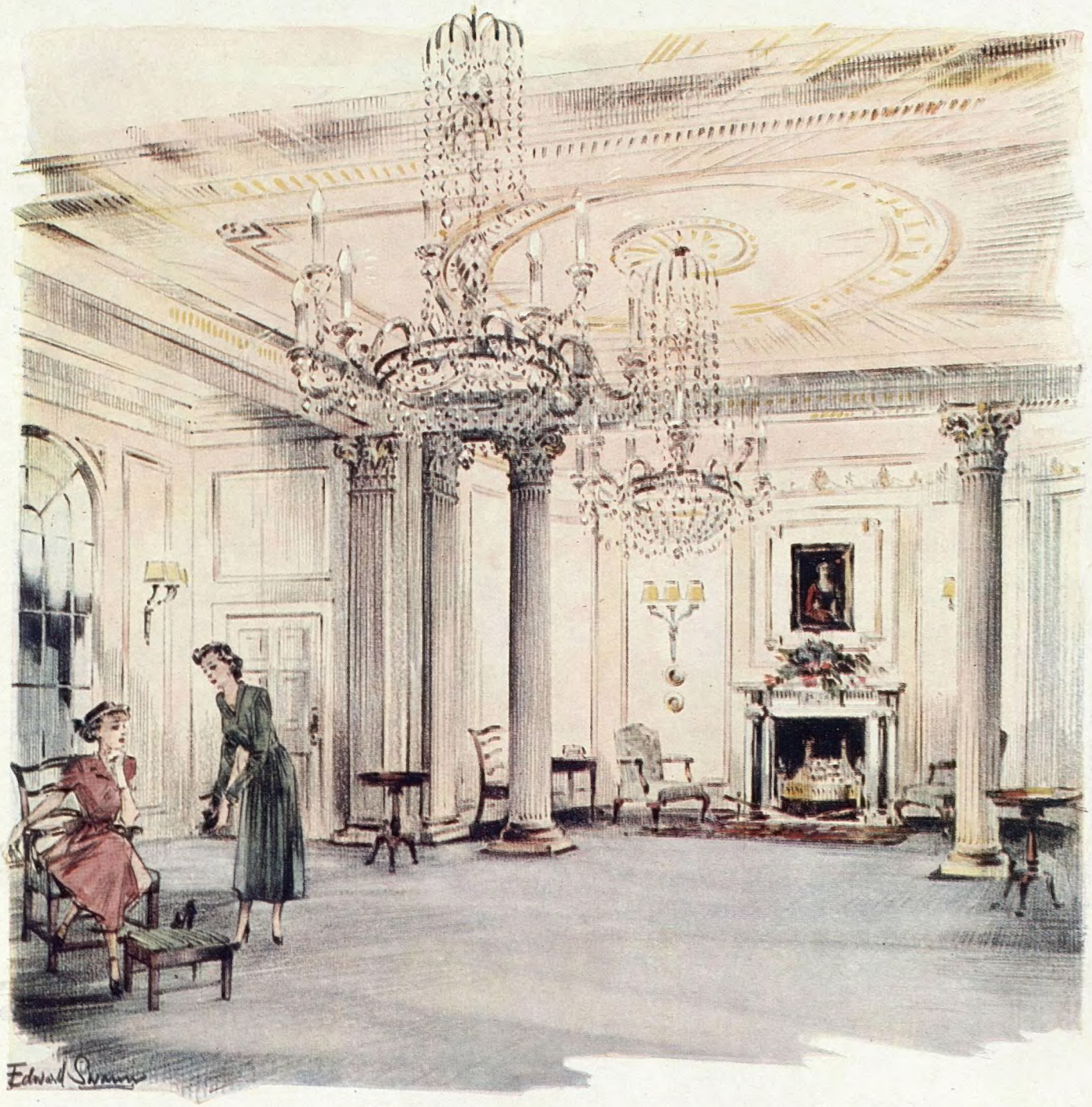

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